Central BAPTIST
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

in memoriam

REV. CHARLES H. SHANKLIN

presented by

His Family

KANSAS CITY, KANSAS

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2022 with funding from
Kahle/Austin Foundation

https://archive.org/details/onehundredmoreth0000john

ONE HUNDRED MORE THREE-MINUTE SERMONS

REV. JOHN R. GUNN

ONE HUNDRED MORE THREE-MINUTE SERMONS

BY

REV. JOHN R. GUNN

AUTHOR OF "ONE HUNDRED THREE-MINUTE SERMONS," ETC.

GARDEN CITY, NEW YORK
DOUBLEDAY, DORAN & COMPANY, INC.
1929

LIBRARY
CENTRAL BAPTIST SEMINARY
KANSAS CITY 2, KANSAS

COPYRIGHT, 1929
BY DOUBLEDAY, DORAN & COMPANY, INC.
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED
PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES AT
THE COUNTRY LIFE PRESS
GARDEN CITY, N. Y.
C
FIRST EDITION

TO

MY CHILDREN

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

For more than three years I have been supplying a short daily sermon to a syndicate of newspapers over the country. It has not been my purpose in these sermons to deal with doctrinal matters, but rather to interpret the teachings and ideals of the Bible in terms of everyday life; and along with this speak a friendly and heartening word to the weary and discouraged, the troubled and sorrowful.

A former volume of these little messages, *One Hundred Three-Minute Sermons,* has been so well received that I am venturing to send forth this second volume; and I do so with the earnest prayer that many readers may find some measure of help and inspiration through its pages.

J. R. G.

Pleasant Lake, Indiana

CONTENTS

	PAGE
A Song and a Sword	1
A Banistered Home	2
A Beautiful Woman	4
A Rich Man Nobody Envied	5
A Companionable Husband	6
"After My Exodus"	7
A Picture Without Colour	9
An Extravagant Waste	10
A Satisfying Religion	11
A Man Never Ashamed	13
A Fool's Bargain	14
A Nagging Wife	15
A False Insinuation Refuted	16
A Great Wistfulness	17
A Way of Preventing Crime	18
Before Trouble Comes	19
Bees and Bulls	21
Beware of Your Friends	22
Behind the Shut Door	23
Clouds and Rainbows	24
Crowns Not Inherited	25
Cheer the Despondent	27
Controlling Our Moods	28
Christ the Truth	29
Does Prayer Avail Anything?	31
Dead Men's Bones	32
Discovering Men	33
"Fretting Leprosy"	34
Fetters of Brass	35
Gentleness in Business	37
Get That Lion	38
Go on Sowing	39

PAGE

Home Discipline 40
How Haste Makes Waste 41
Hate 42
Humility 43
If We Had No Temptations 45
In Spite of Infirmity 46
If Discontented with Your Lot 47
Is Religion Playing out? 48
In His Image 50
If We Had No Trials 51
Just Try It 52
Keep on Keeping on 54
Keep Youth's Purity 55
Keep Away from Temptation 56
Love's Burdens 57
Leaving God out 58
Lest You Forget 60
Marriage and Divorce 61
Music a Mental Tonic 62
Mind Your Own Business 63
Mother's Apron Strings 65
Nothing but Leaves 66
Not Money but Men 67
Not Genius but Work 68
Out of the Bulrushes 70
Out of the Furnace 71
Our Debt to the Jew 72
Our Debt to Mother 73
Only Partly Alive 74
Parading Your Troubles 75
Peddlers of Discouragement 76
Pushing Religion 78
Ruling Children by Fear 79
Respect for Law 80
Sentiment 82
Sick Heads and Faint Hearts 83
Stick to Your Bush 84
Sit Still a While 85
Saving the Fragments 87
Sunday School Prevents Crime 88

PAGE

Shall We Scrap the Church? 90
Theatrical Religion 91
Thinking Heavenward 92
The World's Book of Comfort 94
The Little Foxes 95
The Bright Side of Death 96
The Seriousness of Living 97
The Day of Small Things 98
Too Busy with the Store 99
The Parable of the Ships 101
The Man in the Mirror 102
The Bondage of Fear 103
The Search for the Hidden 104
The Achievements of Patience 105
Teamwork 106
The Peril of Victory 108
The Thinker 109
Think Big 110
The Clouds We Dread 111
The American Mania 112
The Need of Counsel 113
The Notoriety Craze 115
The Fireside School 116
The Demon of Noonday 117
The Patmos Experience 119
The Mount and the Valley 120
The Lessons of the Stork 121
The Peril of Undue Sleep 123
Unconscious Excellence 124
What Is Your Price? 125
Why We Are Afflicted 126
When Should a Man Retire? 127
When a Woman Sins 129
Where Others Have Won 130
Where Rest Is Found 131
Will Science Destroy Religion? 132
With Only Your Crumbs 133
When Morning Comes 135

ONE HUNDRED MORE THREE-MINUTE SERMONS

A Song and a Sword

"Let the high praises of God be in their mouth, and a twoedged sword in their hand."—Psalm 149: 6.

SOMEONE has said that songs won the World War. Undoubtedly they did have much to do with winning it. It may never be known to what extent the issues of that great conflict were determined by the one song:

> "Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag
> And smile, smile, smile."

The value of songs in warfare has long been recognized. While the sword has been looked to for actual results, military leaders have always counted very largely on songs to stimulate and preserve the morale of their armies.

David was a great warrior. He was also a lover of music and songs. And in his warfares he no doubt employed songs as well as swords.

In the text he is thinking of God's people as a spiritual army battling for the cause of righteousness. Having learned in carnal warfare that the

sword is mightier when backed by songs, he cries: "Let the high praises of God be in their mouth, and a twoedged sword in their hand."

Paul conceives of the church as an army. To be good soldiers in this army he tells us we must be equipped with "the whole armour of God." He also speaks of the necessity of "admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs."

Whether fighting the battles of the nation or the church, whether fighting with carnal or spiritual swords, the best fighters are those whose swords are vibrant with song.

Life is often pictured as a warfare. And it is but common observation that its battles are more successfully fought by those who fight with a song in their hearts, as well as a sword in their hands.

A Banistered Home

"When thou buildest a new house, then thou shalt make a battlement for thy roof, that thou bring not blood upon thine house, if any man fall from thence."—Deut. 22:8.

IN OLDEN times roofs were made flat and persons walked on them. Hence the requirement for building around the roof a battlement, or banister, to prevent persons walking thereon from falling off. Under the Mosaic law, a man building a house and failing to banister his roof was held responsible for any accident or loss of life resulting from his neglect.

Similar safeguards are required in modern homes. One would scarcely build a house without banister for his porches and stairways where there might be

danger of anybody's falling therefrom. Should he do so he could be held legally responsible in case of an accident.

It is doubly important that a home have proper safety devices where there are children. Older ones who have learned to be cautious might safely get along without so much banistering. But who would think of exposing his children to the danger of an unbanistered porch or staircase?

And yet, when it comes to the far more important matter of safeguarding our children against moral and spiritual peril, how poorly many of our homes are banistered. In many homes there is no established order for the government of the household, little or no attention is given to discipline, and religious teaching scarcely receives a thought. How pathetic and what a tragedy to find so many young people to-day who have never heard their father's voice in prayer, and who do not know what it means to kneel at Mother's knee.

For society's sake, as well as for our children's sake, let us see to it that our homes are well banistered with good order, proper discipline, religious instruction, and prayer.

A Beautiful Woman

"Whose adorning let it not be the outward adorning of braiding the hair, and of wearing jewels of gold, or of putting on apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in the incorruptible apparel of a meek and quiet spirit."—1 Pet. 3:3–4.

THE text does not forbid proper attention to the matter of dress and outward appearance. It simply says that attention should be directed chiefly to the adornment of character.

Beauty is more a matter of character than of outward grace and charm. Some women seem to think it is an altogether outward matter, and so they give the major attention to dress and to features of the face and form. It is, of course, entirely proper that a woman should give attention to these things, but it should be remembered that physical beauty loses much of its attractiveness unless there is a corresponding beauty of soul.

Beauty is a subtle thing. It does not depend upon facial proportions. It is sometimes seen upon the most irregular features. It is the soul shining through the face that makes one really beautiful. Cultivate in the heart the spirit of meekness, quietness, gentleness, and modesty, and the face will shine with a beauty that far surpasses superficial beauty.

Many faces reveal a spirit of boldness, vanity, haughtiness, hardness, and harshness. If a woman has a spirit of that kind, no amount of perfumery and outward adornment can conceal its mark upon her features. And when I see a woman with her features

so marked, no matter how well proportioned her facial lines, no matter how graceful her figure, no matter how pleasing the fashion of her dress, I do not consider her beautiful. I consider a woman beautiful whose beauty is the outward expression of internal qualities of the heart and mind. Beauty of figure and loveliness of face are admirable gifts; but without corresponding graces and good qualities of heart they do not make a beautiful woman.

A Rich Man Nobody Envied

"The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me: and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy."—Job 29: 13.

HE POSSESSED a considerable fortune. Yet he lived modestly. He made no show of his wealth. The luxuries that wealth can purchase did not satisfy him. To him, doing good was a greater luxury.

He counted his wealth a trust from God. He was so conscientious about the use of it that he wrote a book on the subject. From that book the following paragraph is taken:

"There is a luxury in doing good sweeter far than any material gratification that money can buy. It is better to be rich in good works, rich in happy memories, in an approving conscience, in the prayers of the poor and in the smiles of heaven, than in heaps of mere golden dross. He who can truthfully say with the patriarch, 'The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I caused the widow's

heart to sing for joy,' is rich indeed, in an immortal treasure, that no possible reverses of fortune can ever destroy."

Nobody was envious of this man because of his wealth. The above paragraph reveals the secret. When a man has money and uses it as he did, the people around him do not usually begrudge it to him. Rather they are glad he has it. If a man has money and nobody is glad he has it, there must be something wrong either with the way he made it or with the way he uses it.

Riches tend to create envy. But not all who are rich are envied by their neighbours. When men make money righteously and use it rightly, as a rule their neighbours, instead of being envious of them, will be glad of their prosperity.

A Companionable Husband

"Giving honour unto the wife . . . as being heirs together of the grace of life."—1 Pet. 3:7.

A BRILLIANT success as a merchant and a pitiful failure as a man." It was a wife who said that, and the man she was speaking of was her husband.

Said another wife: "When I talked of the things I loved my husband just looked at me—and grunted."

These statements reveal one of the prolific causes of divorce—husbands who fail as companions to their wives. Here we have one husband who was so bent

on achieving a business career that he neglected the more important thing of being a man, at least so far as his home and wife were concerned. In the case of the second husband, he was so absorbed in his own things that he had no interest in the things his wife loved. In the case of both they gave their wives everything they wanted but the thing they wanted most of all—a husband's companionship.

Doubtless these husbands thought their wives ought to be satisfied with the abundance of things which they provided for them. But a woman's heart calls for something more than mere things. Both were successful in their chosen lines, and perhaps they thought their wives should be sufficiently delighted with their success. But a true wife delights more in her husband's companionship than in any success he may win.

The best husband is the companionable husband, who has learned the secret which the Apostle Peter discloses in our text, of "giving honour unto the wife . . . as being heirs together of the grace of life." That is the kind of husband that makes a happy wife and a happy home.

"After My Exodus"

"Moreover I will endeavour that ye may be able after my decease to have these things always in remembrance."—2 Pet. 1:15.

AFTER my decease." Thus Peter writes, speaking of his death, which he knew was near at hand. The phrase might be written, "after my exodus."

For the word "decease" is, in Greek, the very word that has given its name to the second book of Moses, "Exodus."

It is a very suggestive word the apostle uses here with reference to death. It gives to the thought of death all the richness of suggestion that gathers about the exodus of Israel from the land of Egypt. Israel's exodus from Egypt meant leaving the land of bondage, oppression, and poverty and going forth into the land of liberty and promise, a land that flowed with milk and honey. It meant leaving the land of aliens and going to their own promised home.

Applying the suggestiveness of this figure to death makes it an event which after all is not to be so dreaded. Many of us fear death. We shrink from it as from nothing else. Even the contemplation of it brings horror to us. But why should it be so? Death only means an "exodus" out of this life of bondage and want and disease and suffering into that land of liberty and promise where there will be no more sorrow, nor crying, nor pain, nor sad partings—that heavenly land where God will wipe away all tears from our eyes. Here we are strangers in an alien land; there we shall be at home.

"After my exodus." "Our citizenship is in heaven." To him who possesses that citizenship, death will be but going home to his own country wherein he shall dwell forevermore in peace and happiness.

A Picture without Colour

"For God maketh my heart soft."—Job 23:16.

IN THE French Academy is a famous oil painting, by Delaroche. It was painted in honour of the world's intellectuals. Grouped around a marble chair of state are the master minds of all ages—artists, architects, sculptors, writers, inventors, statesmen, scientists. No place is given to the great hearts of the world. Homer, Socrates, Aristotle, Shakespeare, Newton, and Laplace are there; but the John Howards and David Livingstones and Florence Nightingales of earth are not there.

That the master minds represented in this famous painting are worthy of the honour accorded them, none will question. The only criticism I make is this —that the artist ignores the heart and puts intellect on the throne. I do not belittle brains. I take off my hat to great intellect. But those who have rendered the greatest service to the world are not its great intellectuals, but its great hearts.

"For God maketh my heart soft." To be soft-hearted is not to be silly-headed. Some of the brainiest men I know are men of soft and tender heart. Speaking of a man of affairs, a man with a great executive brain, one said to me recently, "He is one of the most tender-hearted men I ever knew." My esteem for that man was greatly enhanced.

The judgment of the head is not to be ignored. But do not suppress the emotion of the heart. Emotion is not weakness. Emotion is power. Jenny Lind

captivated the multitudes because there was emotion in her voice.

Cultivate the head. But do not neglect to cultivate the heart. Head without heart is cold, unresponsive, passionless, conventional—a picture without colour.

An Extravagant Waste

"Such an one as Paul the aged."—Philemon 9.

A FEW years ago a certain university professor made the startling statement that after forty a man ought to be chloroformed.

I am glad Paul was not chloroformed at forty. It was after he was far past that age that he wrote his immortal epistles and did his best work. It would have meant a great loss to the world if Alexander Maclaren had been chloroformed even at eighty-five. It was after he had passed eighty-five that he wrote his *Expositions of Holy Scripture,* consisting of a long series of volumes, and generally recognized as one of the best contributions to Biblical literature.

Dr. William Alexander Newman Dorland has recently studied the lives of four hundred famous men of history and found that it was beyond fifty years of age that a large majority of these men accomplished their greatest work.

The list of four hundred men studied by Dr. Dorland included such men as Talleyrand, Lincoln, Washington, Webster, Shakespeare, Byron, Erasmus, Sterne, Rabelais, Cervantes, Newton, Beecher, Agassiz, Buffon, Blackstone, Balzac, Hawthorne, Trol-

lope, Verne, Cooper, Thackeray, Leibnitz, Barret, Booth, Irving, Priestley, Morse, Wordsworth, Southey, Keats, Rubens, Raphael, Michelangelo, Murillo, Cavour, Whitman, Longfellow, Milton, Tennyson, Whittier, Huss, Wyclif, Knox, Ruskin, Wolsey, Columbus, Mozart, Greeley, Cromwell, and John Bunyan.

What if these men had been chloroformed at forty? Who can estimate the loss the world would have suffered?

In view of Dr. Dorland's findings, what a lamentable folly is the present-day tendency to force men into retirement because they have passed middle age. The result is to deprive society of their service just when experience has equipped them for their best work. It means an extravagant waste.

A Satisfying Religion

"He satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness."—Psalm 107:9.

THROUGH his own personal experience and through his close contact with the great masses, General William Booth, founder of the Salvation Army, knew the kind of religion it takes to satisfy the human heart. He defined it as consisting of four things: First, a sense of the conscious favour of God. You feel that God loves you, that He holds you in His arms. Second, the consciousness that He has made you good. If the world poured into your lap all its wealth and honours, you would be a miserable crea-

ture unless you knew that you were good and honest and true and pure. Third, the consciousness that you are doing your duty to the Lord and to those about you. Fourth, the assurance that all is going to be well. There may be difficulties in the way now, but if we have the assurance in our hearts that all will be well in the end, it will bring satisfaction.

These are things we all long for. At least in our more sober and quiet moments. We want to be in favour with God. We want to feel that we are what we ought to be, and that we are doing what we ought to do. In the midst of the trials and troubles of our present life we want to feel that there is a better and happier life beyond. These things represent the deepest and most persistent longings of our souls. The only satisfying religion is a religion that will answer these longings.

There is such a religion, and that religion is the religion of the Bible. The religion revealed to us in the Bible does indeed satisfy all these longings. It answers every want and aspiration of the human heart. It tells us of a God who "satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness." It tells us how to make the most of the life we now live, and how to make sure the life to come. And this satisfying religion we can all have without money and without price, on the simple condition that we put our trust in Christ and submit ourselves to Him as our Lord and Master.

A Man Never Ashamed

"Then shall I not be ashamed, when I have respect unto all thy commandments."—Psalm 119: 6.

THE look of shame on his face was pathetic. He was an old friend. It had been a long while since I had seen him. As I remembered him, in former days, he was a man of cheerful countenance and able to look his fellow men full in the face with a straight, clear eye. Now as I greeted him, his eyes fell and a dark shadow spread upon his countenance. I understood, for I had seen the story of his sin which had been published in the newspapers and which now I saw plainly published upon his face.

Sin has a way of leaving upon its victims a mark of shame. If a man has any conscience, he cannot do wrong and then go out and look the world straight in the eye. His wrongdoing makes him ashamed of himself, and marks his face with a shamed expression when he appears before his fellow men.

"Then shall I not be ashamed." When? When does a man have nothing to be ashamed of? To ask the question is to answer it. We know the answer as well as David knew it. Our own conscience answers, "When I have respect unto all thy commandments."

It is doing wrong that makes men ashamed. We are never ashamed of doing right. We know the divine "precepts concerning all things to be right"—as David tells us. And as long as we govern our conduct by these precepts we are never ashamed of what we do.

A Fool's Bargain

"What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"—Mark 8:36.

WHAT good is the world to a man who has lost his soul—those powers by which we appreciate nature, books, art, and the beautiful things of life? Though such a man owned the whole world, he would be incapable of enjoying it.

To some men the rim of the dollar is the horizon of the whole world. They are money-blind. That is, they are blind to everything but money. So intent are they on making money that they are incapable of any idea that is not commercial. Their whole conversation is of trade and profits. They could not carry on a conversation about anything else. They would be at a complete loss in a company of cultured people where such things as books and art were being discussed. The most enchanting landscape would not beget a thrill in their bosoms. They have brains for mud, but no brains for music. Merchandise, stocks, bonds, cash, collateral, and mortgages are the only things that interest them. They have no soul for the higher and finer things of life. Their friendships and associations are all built around the dollar.

Such men are to be pitied, not envied. To have a cultivated soul is better than to have a fortune. To lose your own soul and gain the world is a poor bargain. It is a bargain so idiotic that only fools make it.

A Nagging Wife

"The contentions of a wife are a continual dropping."—Prov. 19:13.

DISHES, bottles, soft coal, stove pokers, flatirons, shoes, coal scuttles, and ash shakers were listed by a Chicago man among the articles his wife had thrown at him in eight months of married life, when he filed suit for divorce recently. He believes his wife has been cruel, the newspaper report says.

That's too bad. But I believe I would rather have my wife throw all those things at me than to have her forever nagging at me.

Before deciding to let that statement stand, I paused to look up the meaning of the word "nagging." "To tease in a petty way; to scold habitually; finding fault; persistently annoying; as, a nagging toothache." That is Webster's definition. The word means literally, "to gnaw." I think I will let the statement stand. I would rather be stoned to death than gnawed to death.

"It is better to dwell in the wilderness, than with a contentious and angry woman."

"It is better to dwell in the corner of the housetop, than with a brawling woman and in a wide house."

"A continual dropping in a very rainy day and a contentious woman are alike."

So says Solomon. And I suppose he speaks from experience. He is said to have had seven hundred wives.

Hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Use a

rolling pin on your husband if necessary, but don't nag at him.

A False Insinuation Refuted

"Then Satan answered the Lord, and said, Doth Job fear God for naught?"—Job 1:9.

SATAN'S insinuation was that Job did not serve God for naught, that wherein he was good or did good he was inspired by a selfish motive.

And now comes Mr. Clarence Darrow, the famous agnostic, in a recent newspaper article, making the same insinuation concerning all godly and good people. According to his agnostic philosophy, "Life has only one purpose, the pursuit of pleasure and the avoidance of pain." "The virtues of honesty, ambition, truthfulness, morality, and the others mean nothing in themselves," he tells us. "They are simply the tools which make the attainment of pleasure and the avoidance of pain a little easier." "The wise man is good," says the noted agnostic, "because he has sense enough to realize that if he is otherwise he will have pain instead of pleasure." "Other so-called good men," he says, "seeing the acts of the good man, invest him with a nobility of soul which he does not possess."

If Mr. Darrow's philosophy is true, it makes our existence, as he himself says, "pretty flat and futile." It takes a better philosophy than Mr. Darrow's to account for the "nobility of soul" Job displayed in that dark hour when life's pleasures had vanished and

his body was racked with pain, and he cried: "I know my redeemer liveth: though he slay me yet will I trust him." Besides Job, there have been countless others who, under similar conditions, have displayed a nobility of soul sufficient to refute Satan's and Mr. Darrow's insinuation that men seek to be good only for the sake of attaining pleasure and avoiding pain.

A Great Wistfulness

"Oh that I knew where I might find him!"—Job 23:3.

A STORY is told of Professor Huxley. He and a friend were serving on a Royal commission. One Sunday they were staying in a little country town. "I suppose you are going to church," said the great scientist to his friend. "Yes," replied the friend. "What if, instead, you stayed at home and talked to me of your religion?" "No," was the reply, "for I am not clever enough to refute your arguments." "But what if you simply told me of your own experience—what religion has done for you?" The friend did not go to church that morning. He stayed at home and told Huxley the story of his religious life and what God had been to him. And presently there were tears in the eyes of the great agnostic as he said, "I would give my right hand if I could believe that!"

A little while ago Dr. G. Campbell Morgan was asked by an interviewer for his view of the spiritual condition of London. "On the one hand," he replied, "I see evidence of awful indifference, but on the other I see remarkable wistfulness. When I get into touch

with the most indifferent men I find there is a great wistfulness that was absent a few years ago. The man who told me then that he was an agnostic still says that he is an agnostic, but he adds now that he dearly wishes he could believe as I do."

After all, in spite of their indifference to religious things, there is a great wistfulness in the hearts of men, a yearning to know God and His truth. Everywhere we hear them crying, "Oh that I knew where I might find Him!"

A Way of Preventing Crime

"Through idleness of the hands the house droppeth through." —Ecc. 10:18.

EIGHTY per cent. of the offences against society are committed in the free hours between six and twelve o'clock P. M., and over forty-five per cent. of juvenile delinquency occurs on Saturday and Sunday." So reports the secretary of an association organized for crime prevention.

This is an awakening fact. It was awakening to me for the reason that, as a minister, I am responsible for engaging the leisure hours of a good many people, on week evenings as well as on Sundays. It has awakened in my mind a new sense of my responsibility in this connection. It ought to have the same awakening effect upon everyone who has it in his power to direct or influence the leisure hours of the people around him, especially if they are young people.

I was talking recently with a man who employs a large number of young men, and he told me that it had been his practice for a number of years to call those young men together every day for a short conference, and that he had made it a special point in these conferences to advise them concerning the use of their spare time. In this direction lies an opportunity for every employer to influence tremendously the future of the nation. In different ways the same opportunity is open to many others, as well as employers.

The trouble is, too few of us realize our individual responsibility in this matter. We see at once the significance of the report referred to, but we sit back and wait for some organization to come along with ways and means to remedy the situation it brings to our attention. There is too much of a tendency to transfer to organizations our responsibility in matters of this kind. If everyone who is in a position to help remedy the situation under consideration would make it a matter of personal concern and effort, it would mean more than we could expect from any number of organizations.

Before Trouble Comes

"Lord, in trouble have they visited thee, they poured out a prayer when thy chastening was upon them."—Is. 26: 16.

SOME people never call upon God, never pour out a prayer unto Him, except when they get sick, or get into some trouble. As long as they are well, as

long as things are going along smoothly, they never seem to think of God. But let some affliction overtake them, or some misfortune befall them, and they begin to cry pitifully for God's help.

"Lord, in trouble have they visited thee." You are going to have trouble some day. Don't forget that. Things may be going well with you now. You may be having an easy time. You may be prosperous and successful. You may be well and full of life. There may not be a cloud on your horizon. But in a world like this where there are so many contrary winds, it is too much to expect that you are going to have smooth sailing all the way through. Your day of chastening will come sooner or later.

"They poured out a prayer when thy chastening was upon them." You may never think of praying now, but you will think of it when the chastening hand of sickness, or of some trouble or sorrow, is laid upon you. You will wish then that you knew more about praying. You will wish that you were on more familiar terms with God. While God will not refuse to hear your prayer because of your previous indifference, yet having waited until driven to call upon Him by the emergency of your need, you will feel somewhat embarrassed. Be wise, and don't wait for the emergency. The better time to learn to pray is before trouble comes.

Bees and Bulls

"They compassed me about like bees."—Psalm 118: 12.
"Many bulls have compassed me: strong bulls of Bashan have beset me round."—Psalm 22: 12.

COMPASSED about by bees. Compassed about by bulls. But the bees worried David more than the bulls.

Little things try the soul more than big things. It is by little vexations that we oftenest allow ourselves to be overcome. Many a man who is able to bear a great misfortune cannot sustain a little disaster.

To meet small trials requires more courage, or at least more discipline, than to endure great ones. Here is where we need to be on our guard. Some lose their temper over the smallest trifles. In the presence of a great provocation, they might stand their ground bravely enough. But they allow little worries with their stings to fret them well-nigh to death.

Watch out for the bulls. Be ready for them. But don't forget to watch out for the bees. You will likely have some big troubles in life. It is well to be prepared for them. But it is more important to be prepared for little troubles, for of them you will have many. Indeed, the best way to prepare for great trials is to prepare for the small ones.

I would rather be gored to death by a bull than to be stung to death by a swarm of bees. The agony would be sooner over with and not nearly so painful. We suffer not so much from the great difficulties of life as from little difficulties, especially when these

come in a multitudinous form. It is for the latter, therefore, that we need the greater discipline and heroism.

Fortify yourself against the bulls. But don't neglect to shield yourself against the bees. They are more numerous and pestiferous.

Beware of Your Friends

"A man's foes shall be they of his own household."—Matt. 10: 36.

THIS applies not only in the family household, but in the household of one's friends. In the household of our friends we often encounter our most dangerous foes.

Our enemies can do us little harm, compared with that which our friends may do us. The world discredits what is said and done against us by those who are known to be our enemies. Besides, being warned against them, we are on our guard.

Who makes a man a drunkard? Not his enemies, but his friends. It is not his enemy, but his friend, who slaps him on the back and says, "Come, let's have a drink together; one more will not hurt you; come on, be a good sport just for this once."

Who is it that spoils the young man with flattery? His enemies? No. That remains for his friends to do. His enemies may attack him, but that only spurs him on to greater effort, while the injudicious praise of his friends tempts him to relax his efforts and rest on his oars. The false flattery of friends has ruined many a young man.

Beware of your friends. However good their intentions, they may unwittingly do you untold harm. They may let their friendly sympathy run away with them, and imagine they are doing you a kindness when they are doing the worst thing that could be done for you. They may be so prejudiced in your favour as to render them incompetent of giving you candid and honest judgment concerning matters of vital interest to your welfare. As to those friends who would lead you astray, better not to include them at all in the household of your friends.

Behind the Shut Door

"Enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray."—Matt. 6: 6.

IF WE would keep our faith clear and strong, we must pray. Prayer gives tone and balance to our minds, and enables us rightly to discern spiritual truths, thus providing a sure anchorage for faith.

The time in which we live has often been spoken of as an "age of doubt," and unquestionably it is such. To-day men are whispering many doubtful things in our ears. But there is one place where the whispers of doubt become inaudible; and that is in the place of prayer, where the soul is illuminated by the pure white light that streams from the Shekinah of His secret presence. It is there we gain that spiritual perception and cloudless vision that enable us to look beyond the fogs of earth into the realm of eternal realities.

Not only is this an age of doubt. It is an age of materialism, and breathes an atmosphere that is a formidable foe to a vital faith in spiritual things. Faith in the unseen and purely spiritual cannot live and grow in the presence of a materialized civilization without continual intercourse with Him who is the Invisible Spirit. For clear vision and sure understanding faith needs the closet with the "shut door." There is the value of the prayer room. It enables us to get the glare of the street out of our eyes and the noises of earth out of our ears, so that we can see the fine realities of the spiritual and hear Him who waits to speak to us in the still small voice.

Clouds and Rainbows

"I do set my bow in the cloud."—Gen. 9: 13.

EVERY rainbow is set in a cloud. Without a cloud there could be no rainbow. The rainbow is the child of the storm. It springs out of the conflict between light and darkness. It is caused by the sun shining upon the fast-falling rain.

Herein is a parable. Life has its clouds and rainbows. We dread the clouds, but without them we would miss the rainbows. Nothing very beautiful ever comes to pass in human life except there be sorrow. We sometimes wonder why there should be sorrow and suffering—why human tears should flow so freely. And yet we know very well, as the poet tells us—

"The soul would have no rainbow
Had the eyes no tears."

But the fact should not be overlooked that you must have sun as well as cloud to make a rainbow. No cloud is ever lighted up with a rainbow except by the shining of the sun upon it. And so of human suffering and sorrow. These alone cannot make rainbows in the soul. The soul's rainbows require not only the fast-falling tears of sorrow and sadness, but also the sunshine of love and the light of heaven. Unless lighted up by love, suffering and sorrow can bring to pass nothing beautiful in human life. Unless shined upon by the light of heaven, they remain but a cloud of mystery and darkness.

Hence the song we frequently sing—"Ev'ry cloud wears a rainbow, if your heart keeps right." We are bound to have clouds; but unless the heart is right, unless the heart is kept open to love and open to the light from heaven above, no cloud will wear a rainbow.

Crowns Not Inherited

"Doth the crown endure to every generation?"—Prov. 27:24.

TRUE greatness is not determined by the circumstances surrounding one's birth. You may count it a fortunate thing if you were born amid pleasant and happy circumstances; but that fact is no promise that you will achieve a worth-while destiny. The ca-

pacity to become great may be passed down from sire to son, but greatness is not hereditary. Birth may do much for one, but it cannot make him great.

There are people who were well born but who have never amounted to much in the world. They boast of the blue blood that flows through their veins, but they never bestir themselves to any heroic action. There are many sons and daughters of the American Revolution who are not worth their salt. They will never start a revolution in any direction, nor write a declaration of independence from anything.

You may have inherited a great name, but there is not much in a name. You can find George Washingtons among bootleggers, and John Jacob Astors among peanut peddlers. However great the name you bear, it will never mean any more to you than you make it mean. Your father may have achieved distinction, but if you choose to live a life of idleness, extinction will be the only thing you will achieve.

It is not so much where or how you were born, or what name you bear, but the character you build, the manhood you develop, the worth-while things you achieve, that will determine your position in the world. Kings' crowns are sometimes passed down from father to son through several generations; but character, manhood, and achievement are crowns not inherited.

Cheer the Despondent

"Encourage thou him."—2 Sam. 11:25.

WITHIN two days two young girls in an Indiana city recently attempted suicide. "Discouraged with life," was the reason given in both cases.

In a single county in Pennsylvania there were twenty-two cases of suicide during a recent month. In all these cases, so far as could be determined, the cause was said to be despondency.

Within the last few months an unusual number of suicides have occurred in several sections of the country. They have been attributed to different causes, some to one thing and some to another. But no matter how varied may be the causes of suicide, usually at the bottom of all is despondency, whether brought on by sudden misfortune or by an extended period of worry or morbid thinking.

This being true, how many of these saddening tragedies could be prevented by a word of sympathy and cheer. Undoubtedly many a suicide has been prevented by such a word. We frequently hear people say they could not have endured under certain trials but for the sympathy and encouragement received from certain friends.

What can be done to stop so many suicides? is a question that has lately received considerable attention. Whatever other remedies may be found, I am sure we will never find a more effective one than the cheering word spoken at the right time. Let a cheering word be given wherever we find the melancholy

and despondent. There is nothing that will go further to help one tide over a period of despair and despondency than such a word.

Cheer the despondent. Let us all do this within our respective circles, and we will soon read of fewer suicides in the newspapers.

Controlling Our Moods

"Be of good cheer."—Matt. 9:2.

THE text is a divine command. A divine command always implies ability to obey it.

This particular command implies ability on our part to control our moods. If we had not the ability to cultivate and maintain a cheerful mood, we would not be commanded to be of good cheer.

The fact that we so often give way to our feelings and drop into a low, dull, joyless, and despondent mood is due more to a lack of faith and effort on our part than to any external circumstances. There may be hard conditions to face, but if we have the will and determination to do it, we can master them. No matter what our trials may be, no matter how depressing our circumstances, we do not need to give way to a feeling of despondency and helplessness. When we find ourselves about to yield to such a mood, when we are tempted to be bitter and sad and melancholy, we ought to remember that we are divinely commanded to be, and therefore ought to be, "of good cheer."

Life has its inevitable trials, sorrows, and strug-

gles. But it is possible for us all to face them with courageous buoyancy and cheerfulness.

We have the assurance of divine help. What God commands us to do, He pledges Himself to help us do. We should remember, however, that God helps those who help themselves.

We can control our moods if we will. It means a battle, and often a hard battle. But the divine assurance is that we shall be more than conquerors if only we will trust God and make the fight.

Christ the Truth

"I am . . . the truth."—John 14:6.

MANKIND has long sought to know the truth. "What is truth?" they asked Socrates, and he answered, "Truth is found in philosophy." "What is truth?" they asked Plato, and he replied, "Truth is found in a realm of ideas." "What is truth?" they asked Aristotle, and he said, "Truth is found in system." "What is truth?" they asked in a convention of the thinking men of our age, and one of the most modern scientists said, "Truth is unknowable." "What is truth?" they asked Christ, and He boldly asserted, "I am the truth."

Other teachers must confess their ignorance, or point to something outside of themselves for the truth, but Christ is the very truth Himself. He is the truth about God and all providence. He is the truth about all theology and divine grace. He is the truth about life, its meaning, its mission and destiny.

Know Christ and you know the truth. It is not enough to know about Him. That is only head knowledge. It is not what we know in the head but what we know in our hearts that counts for character. We need to know Christ in our hearts.

The great apostle Paul said, "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honourable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." Think on these things and study them until you know them in your heart. And the best book in which to study these virtues is Christ. In Him they exist in their highest perfection. As pupils can learn botany better by coming into contact with the flowers themselves than they can from books about flowers, so we can best learn truth, honour, purity, and all the noble virtues of good character by coming into contact with these qualities as we find them embodied in Christ. Then let us keep close to Him, live in His presence, and meditate upon Him. Let us study Him until we know Him, until we know Him in our hearts, until those things that are true and honourable and just and pure and lovely shall become a part of our life.

Does Prayer Avail Anything?

"The supplication of a righteous man availeth much in its working."—James 5:16.

THE emphasis of modern science upon unchangeable law has caused some to question the possibility of prayer having any effect on the affairs of a universe conditioned absolutely within law.

However, these misgivings of science disappear when we rightly understand the meaning and purpose of prayer and the relation of God to the world.

Prayer is not a means of persuading God to change His will or purpose. His purpose is fixed and unchangeable. We do not through prayer seek to influence His purpose, for everything we can rightly ask for He has already purposed to do. But we can influence His action, for He has made His action dependent on us, and prayer puts us in a position in which He can do for us and through us what He would not otherwise do.

Moreover, prayer does not require a God who is lawless. We witness every day changes effected in the direction of one law by the operation of another; as, for instance, the law of force acting against the law of gravitation in changing the direction of some material body. We do not marvel at this. It seems perfectly natural. Likewise it is just as natural for God to overrule one law by the use of another in answering prayer.

The prayer of a righteous man availeth much. It should be remembered, however, that the object of

prayer is to get God's will done, not the achievement of selfish ends, nor the gratifying of our every little whim and notion. Prayer is intended as a means of coöperating with God in working out His redemptive purposes in the world, and this should be remembered always when we pray.

Dead Men's Bones

"And it came to pass, as they were burying a man . . . they cast the man into the sepulchre of Elisha: and when the man was let down, and touched the bones of Elisha, he revived, and stood up on his feet."—2 Kings 13:21.

THERE is something significant in this story. A life revived through contact with a dead man's bones. It makes us think how much of the world's life to-day has come from the bones of dead men.

"The human race is driven by a sort of divine urge to climb higher and higher," says a recent writer. "And always," he adds, "its upward trend is over dead men's bones." And the remarkable thing is that there have been so many men who have shown a willingness to add their bones to the pile, so that those who come after them can go on to a greater life and a greater civilization.

When the big airship, the *Shenandoah,* was wrecked and several lives were lost, the court of inquiry reporting on the matter said: "The disaster is part of the price that must inevitably be paid in the development of any new and hazardous art." From the bones of those brave men who lost their lives in that disaster there will arise a new day in the flying

craft when airship transportation will be safer and a common part of the world's life.

It is over dead men's bones that progress in every line is made. All the benefits we enjoy to-day, material and otherwise, bear the price mark of human lives that have been sacrificed in the interest of progress. This ought to make us profoundly grateful for all these benefits.

Discovering Men

"And as Jesus passed from thence, he saw a man, named Matthew, sitting at the receipt of custom: and he saith unto him, Follow me. And he arose, and followed him."—Matt. 9:9.

"MY BEST discovery was Michael Faraday," said Sir Humphry Davy. And Sir Humphry Davy made many important discoveries. In the field of chemistry he discovered potassium, sodium, barium, calcium, and magnesium. He did important work in physics, discovering among other things the miner's safety lamp. His basic work in this direction lay at the bottom of Edison's discovery of the incandescent electric light.

But Michael Faraday—what a discovery! "Just and faithful Knight of God," Tyndall called him. Eminent not only as a physicist, but as a preacher and promoter of religion. For his contributions to religion as well as science the world is greatly in his debt. No wonder Sir Humphry, himself a man of profound religious faith as well as a great scientist, felt that he had made his best discovery when he discovered his great pupil, Michael Faraday.

Christ is seen in His greatest glory, not as a miracle worker, but as a discoverer of men. It was not nearly so great a thing when He discovered in five loaves and two fishes sufficient food to feed a multitude, as when passing by the receipt of custom He discovered Matthew. Feeding and satisfying the physical hunger of the multitude with those five loaves and two fishes was a wonderful thing. But think of the millions upon millions who have been fed with "the true bread from heaven" unto the satisfaction of the deeper hunger of the soul through Matthew's ministry.

Discover a man, and you have made a discovery fraught with greater possibilities of good than any food discovery ever made—a discovery far more potential than any of the discoveries of science.

"Fretting Leprosy"

"It is a fretting leprosy in the house."—Lev. 14:44.

A FRETTING leprosy." There are many people afflicted with that disease. Something different from the "fretting leprosy" referred to in the text, and yet something quite like it.

Some people are such habitual fretters that it has become a disease with them. If everything worked just right, they would fret because there was nothing for them to fret about.

Nothing goes right with fretters. Something is wrong all the time. The weather never suits them. It is either too wet or too dry, too cold or too hot. If

they can't find any trouble immediately at hand, they torment themselves with borrowed troubles.

"A fretting leprosy in the house." I would hate for this disease to strike anyone in my house. I would rather have a wasp for a housemate than an habitual fretter. A wasp only stings when disturbed, but the habitual fretter keeps his stinger forever going.

Chatfield said: "There are two things which will make us happy in this life if we attend to them. The first is, never to vex ourselves about what we cannot help; and the second, never to vex ourselves about what we can help."

"Fret not thyself in any wise," says the psalmist. What good does it do? It does not make matters better. It does not make your work any easier or your burdens any lighter. What if things do go against you? "Any dead fish can swim with the tide." You should be a live fish, able to swim against the tide.

"Fretting leprosy," or "spreading leprosy." Leprosy is contagious. So is fretting. Like the leper, if you can't overcome your fretting habit, you ought to be sent to the pesthouse.

Fetters of Brass

"But the Philistines took him, and put out his eyes, and brought him down to Gaza, and bound him with fetters of brass; and he did grind in the prison house."—Judges 16:21.

SAMSON. The man who slew the lion with nothing in his hand. The man who slew a thousand men with the jawbone of an ass. The man who tore from his arms the strong cords with which his ene-

mies had bound him. The man who pulled down the barred gate of Gaza, and carried it away upon his shoulders to the top of a hill. The man who for twenty years was Israel's ruler and defender, and whose mighty strength made him a terror to the Philistines.

Behold him now, shorn of his strength, robbed of his sight, his hands bound with fetters of brass, grinding in the prison house of Gaza, with his enemies mocking him and making sport of him in gleeful cruelty.

How had this come to pass? What had brought this giant of strength so low and rendered him a helpless victim in the hands of his enemies? The answer is Delilah. Those fetters that bound his arms—those arms of might once so feared—were forged in Delilah's lap. While there he slept his giant hands were snared in sin's seductive trap.

Samson had nobody to blame but himself. The prison house in Gaza was but the prison of his own sins. No cords spun by his enemies were ever strong enough to bind him. The shackles by which he was finally bound were of his own forging. Those fetters of brass were but the fetters of his own evil deeds.

The lesson is plain. Men are undone by their own sins. By their own evil doing they forge the manacles which at last fetter them as with fetters of brass.

Gentleness in Business

"Put them in mind . . . to be no brawlers, but gentle, showing all meekness unto all men."—Titus 3 : 1–2.

WHAT brawlers some business men are! They seem to think that business cannot be carried on without brawling. They seem to think that to be successful in business one must be boorish, hard, and unyielding.

I find many business men who at heart are kind and generous, but who feel that they must put on a forbidding front and have at their command "a fund of harsh words and ominous gestures" in order to hold their own in business. At home, at church, and in social circles, they are gracious and gentle enough; but they do not regard that there is any place in business for the grace of gentleness. To them business is a cold, hard, matter-of-fact thing to which only a temper of severity is suited.

This is a mistaken attitude. Successful business is, of course, impossible without a certain degree of firmness. But to be firm one does not need to be rude. One does not need to employ oaths and vehement gesticulations to impress his firmness. Graciousness and considerate speech are infinitely more indicative of strength, and more effective for all purposes of business, whether employed in its offensive or defensive tactics. Indeed, nowhere are gentleness and fine behaviour more effective than in the marts of trade and commerce.

In business, as everywhere else, not violence but

gentleness secures the most commanding influence and the greatest advantage. Business men would do well to cultivate the grace of gentleness.

Get That Lion

"There is a lion in the way; a lion is in the streets."—Prov. 26: 13.

A LION in the way." But don't run from him. Lion hunters say that you must never run from a lion. You must never show the lion that you are afraid of him. You must stand your ground. You must take the offensive. The lion is just as scared of you as you are of him. When he sees that you are not going to run from him he will run from you.

"A lion in the streets." He is always there. You meet him at every turn and corner. The lion of difficulty. The lion of "it-can't-be-done." The lion of pessimism. The lion of fear. No matter what street you take, no matter where you start, no matter what you undertake, you will meet in some form a roaring, threatening lion.

"A lion in the streets." But never mind the lion. "Bet on your courage, not on your fears." So advises a man who for many years was a failure in business because he lacked self-confidence, but who finally got the nerve to take the plunge and won success.

"Never take counsel of your fears," said Stonewall Jackson. Do the thing your faith and courage prompt you to do—even though you see a whole herd of lions in the streets.

The reason why many men fail is not in their lack

of ability, nor in their lack of work and persistence, but in their lack of courage and faith. In other words, the thing that keeps them back is the lion in the street. Every time they meet "a lion in the way," they take to their heels and run.

Get that lion—else he'll get you.

Go on Sowing

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."—Ecc. 11:6.

GO ON with your sowing. Only see to it that the seeds you sow are good seeds. You can never tell where they may fall, and what the results may be.

Faber has said: "When men do anything for God —the very least thing—they never can know where it will end, nor what amount of work it will do for Him."

One day, in a little park in the heart of a great city, I passed a young man with a forlorn expression on his face. Something impelled me to turn back and speak to him. I learned that he was from my native state, that he was alone in the city, that he was up against a difficult situation, that he was almost in despair. I spoke a few words of encouragement to him. He brightened up, and went away saying that he felt much heartened.

Years later a stranger stopped me in the lobby of a hotel in another city. "I do not suppose you remember me," he said, "but I remember you, and will never forget you." "What is it all about?" I asked. He then

reminded me of the above incident, and said, "I am the fellow you spoke to, and I will always be grateful to you."

"I dropped a sympathetic word,
Nor stayed to watch it grow,
For little tending's needed when
The seed is good we sow;
But once again I met the man,
And by the gladsome way
He took my hand, I knew I sowed
The best of seed that day."

Home Discipline

"For I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment; that the Lord may bring upon Abraham that which he hath spoken of him."—Gen. 18:19.

THERE is to-day a growing laxity in the matter of home discipline.

Themistocles once said: "My little child rules all Greece." When asked what he meant, he replied: "The little child rules its mother, the mother rules me, I rule Athens, and Athens rules all Greece."

America has many representatives of that old Grecian family.

The discipline of children can easily be too rigid. But the tendency in this age is not to disciplne them at all.

This undoubtedly accounts for much of the lawlessness we have to-day. The child who is not taught obedience in his home will not be inclined to obey the

laws of the land when he reaches maturity. We can never have a law-abiding nation without the help of home authority and home training.

Parents who allow their children to have their own way and let them grow up without learning to recognize the necessity for any restraint or restrictions, are laying up trouble, not only for themselves and their children, but for the state and society.

When God wanted to start a nation, and was looking for a man through whom to start it, Abraham was chosen. The text tells why. Because God knew him that he would command his children after him, teach them justice and judgment; and that God would therefore be able "to bring upon Abraham that which he had spoken."

Here is something American fathers and mothers need to think about. If the present laxity in home discipline continues, neither the law nor the gospel can save America.

How Haste Makes Waste

"He that believeth shall not make haste."—Is. 28:16.

SOME people are always in a feverish haste. They go at everything they do in a hurry and flurry. They seem never able to do anything quietly and calmly.

The Hebrew for "make haste" may be translated "fuss." "He that believeth shall not fuss." The meaning is as when we speak of a person getting "fussed up." Some people are "fussed up" all the time. They

are of a nervous, restless disposition. Over the smallest matters they become excited, flustered, fretted.

This unfits them for their best work. None of us can do his best work in a feverish, restless state of mind. Nothing hinders more in life than restlessness. It disquiets the mind, so that we cannot think clearly. It weakens and unnerves us. There is such a thing as "haste that makes waste."

The man who accomplishes the most is the quiet, calm man. He does not fume and froth and fuss over what he has to do, but he gets it done all the sooner and all the better. We can only do our best work when we have peace and calmness in our hearts.

There is one sure source of such peace and calmness. "He that believeth." He who has his mind set on God. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee." The man whose mind is stayed upon God does not become excited and flustered. He has himself under control. He has the quietness and peace of God in his soul.

Hate

"He that hateth his brother is in darkness, and walketh in darkness, and knoweth not whither he goeth, because that darkness hath blinded his eyes."—1 John 2: 11.

OF ALL the dark passions that smite the human soul, hate is the darkest. No wonder the man "that hateth his brother is in darkness." No wonder he "hath blindness in his eyes," and "knoweth not whither he goeth." Nothing is more blinding than the dark passion of hate.

Rider Haggard, in his autobiography, says: "I have met many men, and have seen many lands, I have known many emotions—all of them I think except that of hate." The man who can say that has escaped the most deadly of all the evil emotions known to the human soul.

If you hate another, it hurts you more than it does the one you hate. Hate will make you nervous, restless, and apprehensive. It will react against you physically, give you indigestion and ruin your health. Hate will poison your soul. It will rob you of all those finer and nobler sentiments that make life worth living. Hate is like a cancer. It will eat your heart out.

Hate leads to acts of violence, and often to murder. The apostle John says, "Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer." The act of murder is an act of hate, and the man who hates his brother has the seed of murder already in his heart.

No wonder Paul cries, "Put away hatred." The time to put it away is in its first beginning. It will be too late after it has mastered you and driven you to some desperate deed from which you can never recover.

Humility

"Walk humbly with thy God."—Micah 6:8.

IN OLDEN times the word humility was a word of contempt. You could not offer a man a greater insult than to call him humble. To call a man humble was to characterize him as cowardly and weak.

But when Christ came He took this hateful word

and made it one of the most honourable in our language. The virtue it expresses, once so despised, is now regarded as the crowning grace of life. Humility is now considered a virtue so beautiful and so exalted that men seek it and cultivate it. You cannot pay a man any higher tribute to-day than to say he possesses the grace of humility.

The word humility means literally a low estimate of self. This does not imply, however, self-depreciation. When you hear people depreciating themselves, usually you can put it down as a sort of counterfeit humility.

Someone has said: "The true way to be humble is not to stoop until you are smaller than yourself, but to stand at your real height before some higher nature that will show you how small your greatness is."

"Walk humbly with thy God." Here is where we learn true humility. Walking with God, seeing ourselves by the side of His greatness, we see how little we are. And seeing how little we are is the first step toward becoming what we can and ought to be. We never become truly great until we first become truly humble.

Moreover, we cannot do our best work until we are "clothed with humility." We never reach the point where we can be of real service to the world until we are willing to humble ourselves and take the place of a servant.

If We Had No Temptations

"Blessed is the man that endureth temptation: for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life."—James 1: 12.

IN THE old legend, called The Quest of the Holy Grail, two characters attract our attention—Galahad and Parsifal. The most significant difference between the two is that Galahad wins with ease, but Parsifal with difficulty. In his quest for the Grail, Galahad goes as one on a holiday journey. He encounters no enemies, meets no temptations, experiences no conflicts. Not so of Parsifal. From the start he has a struggle. Enemies challenge every foot of his way. Temptations beset him on all sides. When he reaches the Grail, he is weary, hurt, and bleeding. And we recognize as the hero of the legend, not Galahad, but Parsifal.

The reason lies in the nature of the case. Valour untested is no valour. Untempted virtue is at best what Milton calls "a fugitive and cloistered virtue unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary." For the training of moral beings, temptation is necessary. It is through temptation that we gain moral strength and a developed manhood.

Galahad is born good and stays good, and for that we admire him. But we are not certain of what the result would be, should he come once to a wrestling match with the tempter. But of Parsifal we entertain no such doubt. From many such wrestling match he has come off more than victor. We recognize in him

the virtue of proved manhood, not merely of untried innocence. And to him goes the hero's crown.

If we had no foes to vanquish, we would never be victors. There would be no triumphs to our credit if we had no temptations.

In Spite of Infirmity

"There was given to me a thorn in the flesh."—2 Cor. 12:7.

MILTON was blind. Beethoven was deaf. Helen Keller was blind and deaf and dumb. Michelangelo had a broken nose. Pope was so crooked by disease that he was called an interrogation point. Alfred the Great was afflicted with a disease that did not allow him an hour's rest.

Homer, Virgil, Horace, Pascal, Dante, Cowper, Hawthorne, Carlyle, Bacon, Livingstone, and Ruskin were all invalids, semi or confirmed.

It is marvellous how many men and women who have achieved great things have been tortured with some physical infirmity.

Naturally we regard bodily affliction as a misfortune; but ofttimes it is a misfortune which proves to be the shrine of a larger fortune. Ofttimes the brightest characters and greatest successes come out of suffering. It seems as though suffering is ofttimes necessary to develop one's latent powers and possibilities.

Whatever else may be said about it, we do not need to surrender to physical affliction. It may handicap us, but it does not necessarily preclude the possibility of

achieving something worth while. The cases cited above are only a few out of a long list of those who bear witness to what may be done under the handicap of bodily distress.

"There was given to me a thorn in the flesh," says Paul. Yet what a career he achieved in spite of that thorn. If you have been given a thorn in the flesh, you will gain nothing by complaining and whimpering about it. To surrender and give up because of it would be an ignoble thing. Instead of doing either, you should accept that thorn as a challenge to prove yourself. Let it be a challenge to prove what you can do—in spite of infirmity.

If Discontented with Your Lot

"Every man shall bear his own burden."—Gal. 6: 5.

WE ALL have some burden to bear. And the burden assigned to every man is the burden best suited to him. To test this out, suppose you could exchange burdens with another? With whom would you exchange? Whose burden would you rather have than your own? Having made the exchange, how much happier would you be?

Read in the *Spectator* Addison's chapter on the "Mountain of Miseries." In this chapter the great essayist pictures a dream. Jupiter has issued a proclamation that every mortal should bring his griefs and woes on a certain day and throw them together in a heap, in a certain large plain. So the whole human race came marching in line, throwing down their

several loads in a pile, which grew rapidly into a prodigious mountain—a massive bulk of troubles, afflictions, sorrows, disappointments, and all manner of human miseries. Then a second edict came forth from Jupiter, that as everyone had to have some burden there was to be an exchange, and each must take back with him the burden of another in place of the one cast away. Some who brought sickness went away with poverty. Some who brought poverty went away with a physical distemper. So the exchanges ran. And the whole plain was filled with murmuring and discontent. Everyone was dissatisfied, and felt that his new burden was worse than the old one. "And I learned a lesson," says the great essayist, "that our Heavenly Father knows best, and assigns to each soul the sphere for which it is best fitted, and the burden which it can most patiently bear."

Ponder well this story and its lesson—if discontented with your lot.

Is Religion Playing out?

"The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."—Habakkuk 2:14.

OCCASIONALLY somebody rises up to tell us that religion is playing out. But whoever says that, or believes that, does not know the deeper heart of mankind. He does not know his own deeper heart.

One may seem to be utterly indifferent toward religion, his attitude may even appear to be hostile; yet, if you dig beneath the outer surface of his life,

you will find that he, like all others, possesses the religious instinct. This instinct is so deeply rooted in his very being that he can't get away from it.

Religion is as old as the human race. If there was any possibility of its ever playing out, it would have played out long ago.

There have been times when the general interest in religion was at a low ebb. Just now, however, the subject of religion seems to be commanding a greater popular interest than any other subject. A London newspaper recently carried in its columns a series of religious articles through a period of a few weeks, and during that period its circulation increased 300,000. It is a matter of general comment that American newspapers and magazines are devoting an unusual amount of space to news and discussions pertaining to religious questions and affairs. Consult the circulation departments of these papers and magazines and I am confident you will find that the response on the part of American readers has been proportionately in line with that reported by the London paper.

People are thinking and writing and talking more about religion to-day than ever before. Much of what we hear and read on the subject may not be sound theologically, but the fact of the interest manifested is one of the most significant signs of the times. Whatever else may be said about it, it does not look as though religion is playing out.

In the future, as in the past, the tide of popular interest in religion may ebb and flow; but ultimately, as prophesied by Habakkuk, "The earth shall be filled

with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord as the waters cover the sea."

In His Image

"So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him."—Gen. 1:27.

SOME time ago a professor, a scientist, lecturing on evolution, expressed scorn for mere religionists who dare to entertain an idea concerning the origin of man without having "first-hand information of morphology, physiology, embryology, ecology, paleontology, and genetics." If the professor started out to intimidate us with a parade of his "ologies," he has succeeded so far as most of us are concerned.

In his lecture this professor declared that man differs from the brute creation only in degree. Arrogantly he brushed aside as impossible of acceptance by any man of science the idea conveyed by the Book of Genesis that man differs from the animal in kind.

And yet that idea has been accepted by many able scientists. Among them the following: Mendel, the formulator of the law of heredity; Linnæus, the father of modern botany; Versalius, the father of modern anatomy; Wasmann, the great authority on insects; Müller, the father of modern physiology; Malpighi, the founder of the science of pathology; Pasteur, the greatest of the world's bacteriologists; Mme. Curie, the discoverer of radium.

Many evolutionists, while holding the theory that man's present physical form was reached through a

long process of evolution, accept the Bible idea that he became a rational, spiritual being by a distinct act of divine creation.

So far as evolution is concerned, it can never be anything more than a theory. The simple language of the Bible concerning the origin of man is, "And the Lord formed man out of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and he became a living soul." This simple account of man's origin can never be improved upon by science. It does not tell us the method by which he was formed, or the time it required; and science can never tell us anything definite and certain as to either of these things.

Our learned professor may hoot at the Bible idea that man is a distinct creation, different from the animal in kind; and yet no other idea is worthy of a being of such moral and spiritual dignity as that which man possesses.

If We Had No Trials

"No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby."—Heb. 12:11.

A NATURALIST walking through the woods one day saw a cocoon clinging to a twig. He broke off the twig and took the cocoon home with him, that he might watch the caterpillar develop into a butterfly. He placed the little thing under a glass where he could watch its movements daily. After two

or three days he observed that there were movements within sufficient to break the shell slightly. The movements increased, until a small crevice was made, through which he could see that variegated spots were appearing on the caterpillar. As the shell opened day after day, he discovered that wings were beginning to develop. Then the struggles of the little creature became more and more violent. Sometimes, as it continued its efforts to be free, it seemed to be in convulsions of pain. This aroused the sympathy of the naturalist, so much so that he decided one morning to help the struggling little prisoner make its escape. With this in view he took his scissors and cut away the shell. The butterfly crawled out, but never flew. In relieving its struggles he had stopped its development.

Herein is a parable which teaches us the significance of life's conflicts and struggles. We sometimes complain of these things, when really they are the making of us. If we had no trials or hardships, if we lived always in ease and comfort, we would never develop into strong men and women, and we would never know the meaning of a vigorous and victorious life.

Just Try It

"Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."—Rom. 12:21.

TO RETURN good for evil is the plain meaning of the text. "If thine enemy hunger," Paul says in the preceding verse, "feed him; if he thirst, give

him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head."

Sounds good, someone says, but it will not work. But wait a moment. Have you tried it? Then suppose you do. The next time anybody treats you unkindly, suppose you turn around and do that somebody a kindness and see what comes of it.

It is not our human nature to act that way, you say. No, but there is a better way than that which human nature dictates. The human way is, "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth." But this human way has worked out very badly, as most of us know from our own experience, and as we can all see from the general experience of mankind. The better way is God's way—to return good for evil. And since the human way has failed so utterly, we ought at least to give God's way a try out, even if it does not seem feasible to us or accord with our nature.

Never mind about others. Even if you do not see anybody else trying this way, you try it. The next time anybody speaks evil of you, speak good of them. The next time you are wronged by a person, go right in the face of it and do that person a good turn.

"In so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head." Now wait and see what happens. Watch the burning and thawing effect of those coals of fire. First, the person who has wronged you will be shamed. Your kindness will be like coals of fire in his conscience, if he has any conscience at all. And then, unless he has a heart of stone, the thawing will begin. His heart will be melted and warmed by your kind-

ness, and he will turn to you and seek your pardon and make amends as far as he can.

Stop debating the matter. Just try it.

Keep on Keeping on

"No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God."—Luke 9:62.

A MAN once said to me: "I have had many ups and downs; I have faced many difficult and discouraging situations; many times it has seemed there was only one thing to do, and that was to give up and quit; but somehow I have always just set myself to keep on keeping on."

It is only the man with that spirit who can succeed in the rough-and-tumble of actual life. The man with that spirit never turns back, no matter how unpromising and discouraging things may seem. He will find some way of turning even his failures into success.

A spider climbing the twelfth time on the beam of a roof, and falling each time, but succeeding when it climbed the thirteenth time, gave Robert Bruce, who had also failed twelve times, courage to make the thirteenth endeavour in which he met and defeated King Edward and was crowned king.

The man who fails but has the grit and courage to keep on keeping on will sooner or later wear the coveted crown of success.

You may have a hard road to travel. It may be a road with many rough places to tread and many steep hills to climb. But just keep on keeping on, and you will reach your destination after a while.

"If the day looks kinder gloomy
And your chances kinder slim;
If the situation's puzzlin'
And the prospect's awful grim;
If perplexities keep pressin'
Till hope is nearly gone,
Just bristle up and grit your teeth
And keep on keepin' on."

Keep Youth's Purity

"Keep thyself pure."—1 Tim. 5:22.

PATER has a story of one who acted as the amanuensis of Marcus Aurelius—Marius the Epicurean. The story opens with Marius as a boy leaving home for school. His mother wanted to say something to him as a last word of counsel. She took him into her room, and as they looked across the Campagna, she put her hand upon his shoulder and said: "Marius, a white bird which you are to carry with unsullied wings across a crowded public place—your soul is like that." That was all she said. But that was enough. It was the best thing she could have said.

"A white bird with unsullied wings." That, young man, is what your soul is like in the innocency of your youth. God help you to keep it like that. God help you to carry it across the crowded places of the world with unsullied wings.

How thankful you will be, young man, when comes that fine wedding day cherished in anticipation by

every normal man, if you have kept your soul clean and unsullied! How thankful you will be when you come to the sterner duties of life and will need so greatly the strength of body and the courage of heart possible only to those who live pure and clean lives!

Therefore, young man, "keep thyself pure." Allow no libertine to beguile you. Nail it as a lie that "a young man must sow his wild oats." Keep away from danger's borderline. Never let your imagination play with evil thoughts. Keep the purity and innocency of your youth. Be a clean man. Your reward will be priceless.

Keep Away from Temptation

"Lead us not into temptation."—Matt. 6: 13.

PERHAPS a more accurate rendering of the text would be: "Permit us not to be led into temptation." In the ordinary sense in which we use the word, God does not lead us into temptation. When a man is led into temptation, he is "drawn by his own lusts and enticed."

This prayer, "Lead us not into temptation," is one we all need to pray daily. And when we pray this prayer, if we are sincere and honest about it, we will stay out of temptation's way. Says Ruskin: "No one can ask honestly and hopefully to be delivered from temptation unless he has honestly and firmly determined to keep out of it."

A young man was talking to a pilot on one of our big steamers. "How long have you been a pilot on these waters?" he asked. "Twenty-five years," the

pilot replied. "Then," said the young man, "I should think you must know every rock and sandbank in the river." The old pilot smiled, and said: "Oh, no, I don't; but I know where the deep water is."

There is an ignorance for which you are better off —ignorance of vice. You do not need to know the ways of vice in order to avoid them. All you need to know is the safe path and keep to it.

The wise man will not needlessly risk himself in places of danger. The man who needlessly exposes himself to danger, or places himself in peril by going into the way of temptation, cannot claim the promise of divine help.

The surest way to avoid evil is to stay out of evil's way, and avoid its enticements.

Love's Burdens

"Love suffereth long . . . beareth all things."—1 Cor. 13:4, 7.

WHAT suffers so long, and so much, as love? What bears so much? What else imposes such heavy burdens? What way is so bleak and steep and rugged as that way out into the wilderness and up the mountain side on which love takes the shepherd in search of his lost sheep?

Someone has said: "If a man would live at ease, let him beware of love. If he love a country, it may call him suddenly to hardship and death. If he love art, it will set him heartbreaking lessons of trial and self-surrender. If he love truth, it will call him to part company with his friends. If he love men, their sor-

rows will sit by his fire and shadow its brightness. If he love some other soul as the life of his life, he must put his happiness at the hazard of every day's chances of life and death . . . Love is a more terrible master than law, and they who follow must stand ready to strip themselves of all lesser possessions."

But there is another side to this. You see a young girl leave a home of luxury and affluence and go far away into a new and strange community, perhaps to a tenement shack or to a farmer's hut, there to make and keep a home for a young man whom she has married, it may be never to look upon the faces of father and mother again in this life. That would seem a great sacrifice for her to make. And yet, because of the love she has for that young man, she does not think of it as a sacrifice or hardship at all.

While the burdens love imposes may be heavy, yet love makes them seem light. Life's supreme happiness is found in suffering and bearing burdens for the sake of those we love and the causes to which we are devoted.

Leaving God out

"And Saul was very wroth . . . And Saul cast the javelin; for he said, I will smite David even to the wall with it."—1 Sam. 18:8, 11.

WORRY, mental depression, suspicion, jealousy, anger, attempted murder. That is the story we have here.

It all began when Saul ruled God out and took matters in his own hands. At first Saul yielded himself to God's will and guidance, and so in the first year of his

reign he was blessed with divine influence and favour and all went well. Then he became self-willed and self-reliant, and things began to go badly with him.

Overwhelmed with the failures crowding upon him, he began to worry. This brought on a state of mental depression. In this state of mind he became the easy victim of suspicion and jealousy. With his mind filled with suspicion and jealousy, he became cross and ill-tempered, and subject to violent outbursts of angry passion. It was in the moment of one of these violent outbursts that Saul drew his javelin and sought to smite David.

The newspapers have lately reported a good many acts of violence committed by men and women who were said to be "demented by worry" or "crazed with anger." The story of Saul as related above explains the psychology of these acts, or the mental processes leading up to them. The trouble begins when people leave God out of their lives. The Godless soul easily becomes the victim of worry, depressing thoughts, dark suspicions, bitter jealousies, and an irritable temper. This means a mental strain which frequently results in an unbalanced mind that needs only a sufficient provocation to cause an explosion. Seeing how these violent acts come about makes plain enough how they may be avoided.

Lest You Forget

"But to do good and to communicate forget not."—Heb. 13:16.

THE story is told of an old man in Scotland who was one day going to mill, with a sack of grain laid over a horse's back. The way was rough, the horse stumbled, and the sack fell off. The old man was too feeble to replace it, and he wondered who would help him. Very soon a man came in sight. He was disappointed when he saw that this man was a nobleman. How could he ask aid of him? But the nobleman did not wait to be asked. When he rode up he dismounted and said: "Let me help you, John." When the sack of corn had been put back on the horse, John said: "Please your Lordship, how shall I ever thank you for your kindness?" And this was the nobleman's reply: "Whenever you see another man as sorely needing help as you were just now, help him, and that will be thanking me."

The best way we can show our appreciation for any good fortune that has come to us is to help another who has been less fortunate than ourselves.

I talked recently with a man who has been eminently successful. "What is the greatest enjoyment you get out of your success?" I asked him. "Helping others to succeed," was his prompt reply. He said further: "I had a hard struggle in getting started, but I had friends who were good enough to help me out; and I feel that the best way I can show my gratitude to them is to help others get started."

"But to do good and to communicate forget not."

Lest you forget, remember those who have helped you. and consider how much you are indebted to them for what you have and for what you have achieved.

Marriage and Divorce

"What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."—Matt. 19: 6.

MARRIAGE is sacred. God himself instituted marriage, and sanctified it by making the first day of a finished creation a bridal day. It was further divinely sanctioned by the presence of the Saviour at the wedding feast in Cana of Galilee.

Marriage, as God intended it to be, is a union of two souls. It is a union so spiritual that it was used by the apostle Paul as a symbol of the mystical union between the heavenly Bridegroom and his bride, the church.

Marriage is serious, more serious than death. Death is the closing of one book; marriage may mean the opening of many books—books of numberless generations to be filled with deeds of honour or deeds of dishonour.

In the Divine ideal of marriage there is no place for such a thing as a "temporary marriage," entered into as an "experiment." Neither is there any place for divorce. Not only so, but back of the Divine ideal stands the Divine injunction, "What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder." The practice of divorce runs counter to both the Divine ideal of marriage and this Divine injunction.

While the teaching of Scripture does not preclude divorce as an escape from intolerable conditions, it does stand squarely against the practice of lax and frivolous divorce followed by another marriage, which is the prevailing practice in modern divorces.

As commonly practised to-day, divorce is a thing altogether evil. And it is an evil which is increasing at an alarming rate. In America it has become a national vice, and threatens to destroy the domestic altars of the nation. There is no evil that more seriously menaces the nation's future.

Music a Mental Tonic

"And it came to pass, when the evil spirit from God was upon Saul, that David took an harp, and played with his hand: so Saul was refreshed, and was well, and the evil spirit departed from him."—1 Sam. 16:23.

IN ONE of our state hospitals for the insane the soothing power of music is being applied in the treatment of the patients. Says the alienist in charge: "We have found that high-grade music not only tends to tranquillize the unsettled emotions of the mental patient, but it arouses his interest as nothing else will. Further, it has unusual power in awakening dormant memories of his past life."

An editorial comment on this experiment says: "Perhaps mental activity is accompanied by such rapid physiological changes in the brain that they become vibratory in nature. Musical vibration founded upon the highest mathematical regularity may sympa-

thetically set up in a disordered brain similar orderly vibrations and, as their concomitant, more rational thinking."

This is all very interesting, but the power of music to turn psychological confusion into order is not a new discovery. The discovery was made long ago. An ancient instance of its use to that end is cited in the text, when David came with his magic harp to relieve King Saul's mental depression and restore his distracted mind to its normal state.

The value of music as a mental tonic has long been recognized, not only as applied to abnormal brains but to normal brains as well. While writing his immortal poems, Milton had music played on his organ in a room adjoining his study. Music not only stirs and pleases the emotions; it stirs and stimulates the brain. If we made more use of it to this end, we might all do more rational thinking.

Mind Your Own Business

"Endeavour to . . . attend to your own business."—1 Thess. 4:11.

THERE are some people who spend more time nosing into the affairs of others than they give to their own affairs. To attend to their own business and let alone other people's business seems to be a hard job for some.

The exhortation given in the text was occasioned by an element in the church at Thessalonica who were making themselves officious in other people's affairs.

"Busybodies," Paul calls them. "For we hear that there are some which walk among you disorderly, working not at all, but are busybodies."

These "busybodies" were people who were busying themselves with everybody else's business but their own. Leaving their own work, they were going around telling all the other members of the church how they ought to do their work. They were trying to set everyone else right—save themselves.

Some of these busybodies are to be found in almost every church. They are responsible for most of the disturbances that occur in churches. They create disturbances wherever they operate, and they operate everywhere—not only in the church but in all other groups.

"Study to mind your own business." Don't be a meddler. Don't spend your time prying into things that do not concern you. You will have enough to do if you mind well your own business.

This does not mean that we are to take no interest in other people and their affairs. Wherever we can give helpful advice or extend a helping hand to another, it is our duty to do so. But that is very different from officious meddling in other people's business.

This would be a happier world, and things would go along better, if we would all learn to mind our own business.

Mother's Apron Strings

"My son, keep thy father's commandment, and forsake not the law of thy mother: bind them continually upon thine heart, and tie them about thy neck."—Prov. 6:20–21.

I HAVE frequently heard it said of some boy, "He is tied to his mother's apron strings." Sometimes this is said in ridicule of a boy. Yet it is one of the highest commendations any boy can receive.

When we speak of mother's apron strings we mean mother's love, mother's teaching, mother's example, mother's influence. Mother's apron strings are the strings that bind us to God and the better things of life. How strong these strings are! What a distance they reach! Mother may have passed on to the other side, but her apron strings stretch across the Great Divide.

In a log cabin in southern Indiana a mother was dying. "Abe," she said, "love everybody, hinder nobody, never lie, never drink, never steal, and some day the world will be glad that you have lived." It was a long distance from that little cabin in the woods of Indiana to the White House in Washington, but the apron strings of Nancy Hanks reached all the way. Years later Abraham Lincoln said: "All that I am, all that I hope to be, I owe to my angel mother."

A boy may sometimes be ridiculed for being tied to his mother's apron strings, but there is nothing better to which he can be tied. There is nothing to be ashamed of about it. Rather it is something to be proud of. The boy who ties to his mother's apron

strings, and stays tied to them, will some day be glad.

Here is the place for you to tie up, boys. To be tied up to mother's love, to mother's teaching, example, and influence, is the best thing in the world for you. These are the strings that will hold you fast, if you stay tied to them. Never try to untie yourself from them. Rather, as Solomon says, "Bind them continually upon thine heart, and tie them about thy neck."

Nothing but Leaves

"And seeing a fig tree afar off having leaves, he came, if haply he might find any thing thereon: and when he came to it, he found nothing but leaves."—Mark 11: 13.

LEAVES, plenty of leaves. All the appearances of a fruit-bearing tree. But—"When he came to it, he found nothing but leaves."

Nothing but appearances. That tells about all there is to be told of some people. They make a good appearance. They put on a good front. They make a considerable show. They stand well. They attract favourable attention. You naturally think they are worth while. But when you look for something real, real character, real purpose, real usefulness, you are disappointed. It is not there.

Nothing but beauty. She was a beautiful woman, admired by many. But one who knew her well said of her, "Her beauty is all there is to her; she is nothing but beauty." We all admire unspoiled beauty, but vain beauty soon ceases to be attractive. We frequently hear mothers say to their children, "Beauty is as beauty does." Real beauty is not all on the outside.

Outward charms and attractiveness without inward grace and beauty of soul always prove disappointing.

Nothing but wealth. No character. No culture. No sense of obligation to others. Nothing but money, and the cheap things money will buy—cheap pleasures, cheap vanities, cheap social position. That describes many who possess riches. They have nothing of life's finer things. We are always disappointed when we look to them for any of the real fruit of life.

The normal life of both the fig tree and man is to bear fruit. To find a fig tree with nothing but leaves is disappointing. It is more than disappointing, it is tragic, to find a man whose whole life is expressed in nothing but leaves.

Not Money but Men

"Behold, I will stir up the Medes against them, which shall not regard silver; and as for gold, they shall not delight in it."—Is. 13:17.

SENATOR CAPPER in his weekly newspaper article tells us that "the biggest pile of pure gold in the world is under a little square building in Wall Street in New York City, 4,000 tons of the yellow metal in bars like bricks. Each weighs twenty pounds and is worth $6,000."

That building holds 8,000,000 pounds of solid gold, worth $2,400,000,000.

Commenting on this in his To-day's column, Mr. Arthur Brisbane says: "There is one comfort for New York, in case we never have an air fleet, and in case a real air fleet should ever visit the city. There

will be enough money to load a ship and pay the price to save our biggest city from destruction."

Reading this, my mind turned to a prophecy Isaiah made concerning ancient Babylon. Babylon possessed huge treasures of wealth, and in her wealth she trusted. In case the city was attacked by an enemy, and in case there were not enough men to defend it, she had gold enough to buy off her enemies. But Isaiah warns Babylon that she is resting on a false security. He prophesies the coming of the Medes against them. These hordes from the mountains were not to be bribed or bought over. "They shall not regard silver; and as for gold they shall not delight in it."

No amount of gold can guarantee the security and permanency of a nation. In the last resort the thing that counts in making a nation safe and sure of its future is not wealth of gold but wealth of manhood, not money—not even airships—but men.

Not Genius but Work

"Arise therefore, and be doing."—1 Chron. 22:16.

THIS was David's parting word to his son, Solomon, who was to succeed him on the throne of Israel. Solomon was a gifted, brilliant young man, and might be tempted to rely on his wit rather than work. That would mean failure. Therefore, it was wise counsel his father gave him when he said, "Arise, and be doing."

Wit without work never accomplishes anything. You are fortunate in any degree of genius you may

possess, but if you depend on your genius rather than industry, you are destined to fail. I have seen many a brilliantly endowed man surpassed by the man of plodding industry.

Genius is not to be discounted. Without a certain degree of genius, no amount of labour could have produced a Shakespeare, a Newton, a Beethoven, or a Michelangelo. But the greatest of men have been the least believers in the power of genius. They have been men of toil and perseverance.

Back of all success and achievement lies an astonishing amount of incessant toil. It may sometimes seem that men are succeeding and accomplishing things with little effort, but this is only seeming. If ever there was a man who could do things with ease and facility of touch, it was Sir Walter Raleigh. Yet it was of Raleigh that Queen Elizabeth said, "He could toil terribly."

Whatever genius successful men may possess, they depend on work more than on their genius. When asked for the secret of his success, Turner, the great painter, replied, "I have no secret but hard work."

Not genius, but work, accounts for most of our successful men. And, moreover, the greater part of the contributions to the world's good stands credited to plain hard work rather than to exceptional genius.

Out of the Bulrushes

"And when she could no longer hide him, she took for him an ark of bulrushes . . . and put the child therein; and she laid it in the flags by the river's brink."—Ex. 2:3.

BECAUSE the children of Israel were growing to be a mighty people, and Pharaoh feared they would become a formidable foe, he had decreed that every son born among them should be killed. The mother of Moses kept him hid for three months after his birth; but finding that she could hide him no longer, she made an ark of bulrushes, put the child in it, and laid it in the flags by the river's brink, leaving his sister to watch to know what would be done to him. Everyone is familiar with the story of his rescue by Pharaoh's daughter, his mother being engaged to nurse him until he grew up, when he was taken into the palace as the son of the king's daughter, and how he finally became the deliverer of his people and the great lawgiver.

It is astonishing how many of the world's great leaders and deliverers were claimed by the bulrushes in their infancy and childhood. What an encouragement this ought to be to the young men and women of to-day who were born and nurtured in the bulrushes of poverty and forbidding circumstances. You may think you have no chance, that there are too many limitations and handicaps to overcome. But thousands of others, in spite of poverty, in spite of difficulties almost inconceivable, have forged their way to the top and forced the world to recognize their

superiority and leadership. And if others have done this splendid thing, why not you?

From the story of Moses take courage. Though a child of the bulrushes, let that fact be regarded as a removed handicap and set your eye resolutely toward the palace of some worth-while achievement.

Out of the Furnace

"Then Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego came forth of the midst of the fire . . . nor was an hair of their head singed, neither were their coats changed, nor the smell of fire had passed on them." —Dan. 3:26–27.

OUT of the fiery furnace into which these young men were cast for the sake of their testimony for God, has come one of the world's richest legacies of heroic faith, heroic courage, and heroic sacrifice.

Many of the world's greatest blessings and heritages have come out of the fiery furnace of trial and affliction.

Pascal, the great writer and preacher, never knew what it was to have a day without pain after he was eighteen years of age.

Richard Baxter wrote *Saint's Everlasting Rest* while he walked in the furnace of suffering.

Pasteur, who discovered the cure for rabies, lived twenty-seven years after a paralytic stroke, and did the very best work of his life in this period.

Prescott, the historian, lost one of his eyes, and though he could scarcely see out of the other eye, he went through at least a hundred volumes of musty literature to get his facts.

Lord Nelson in his early life was a weakling, and through his life was handicapped by physical infirmities.

Milton's *Paradise Lost* was born in the furnace of affliction.

Fanny Crosby's six thousand hymns came singing out of the furnace.

Most of the things that are good have come out of furnaces—some sort of suffering that makes men strong and courageous and self-sacrificing.

The furnace often proves to be our best chance to become something worth while and to do something worth while.

Our Debt to the Jew

"Now the Lord had said unto Abram . . . I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee, and make thy name great; and thou shalt be a blessing . . . in thee shall all families of the earth be blessed."—Gen. 12: 1–3.

"I AM a man which am a Jew," Paul boasted. I like to see a man proud of his nationality. A man of any race or nation may find reason for pride in the history and nobler characteristics of his people.

I suppose most of us have a touch of race prejudice. There always has been, and it looks as though there always will be, more or less prejudice between the races of mankind. And yet there is scarcely a race to be found to which the world is not indebted for some distinctive contribution to civilization.

Matthew Arnold reminds us over and over that while we go back to the ancient Greeks for lessons in

art, literature, and culture, we must go back to the Hebrews for instruction in religion and conduct.

The Jews had a genius for religion. Their literature—whether it be prose, poetry, history, legend, or philosophy—is charged with a passion for religion and righteousness.

If we are indebted to the Greeks for those great names, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, and Homer, we are indebted to the Jews for those still greater names, Abraham, Moses, David, Isaiah, and Paul—and for that name that is "far above every name that is named," at which "every knee shall bow and every tongue confess," the name Jesus.

Honour to whom honour is due. For these great names and all that they signify concerning ethics and religion, and all that they promise toward the world's ultimate redemption, we are indebted to the Jews.

Jehovah's promise to Abraham has been fulfilled, and through his seed all the families of the earth have been blessed.

Our Debt to Mother

"The unfeigned faith that is in thee, which dwelt first in thy grandmother Lois, and thy mother Eunice."—2 Tim. 1:5.

A MOTHER'S faith and spiritual ideals reflected in the life of her son. That is the thing that Paul here notes concerning Timothy.

The mother characteristics reflected in the life of the son is something that has been noted in the lives of many of the world's great men. The mother of Walter Scott was well educated and a great lover of

literature. The mother of Lord Bacon was a woman of superior intellect. The mother of Napoleon Bonaparte was ambitious and full of energy. The mother of Washington was a woman of rare character and commanding personality. The mother of Patrick Henry was eloquent in speech. The mother of John and Charles Wesley was a woman of unusual piety and executive ability.

What a debt we all owe to our mothers. It was at mother's knee that we were first taught to pray. It was from her that we received our first teaching in religion and all the better things of life. It was from her we inherited the tendencies and qualities that made possible whatever we have achieved in character or accomplishments. To her we are indebted for the holiest and most ennobling influence that has blessed our lives—an influence that has held us back from evil, sustained us in times of trial and discouragement, inspired us onward in the pursuit of our hopes and ambitions, and above all things inclined us continually to strive after that which is pure and good.

Only Partly Alive

"She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth."—1 Tim. 5:6.

DEAD while she liveth." That is, only partly alive. Alive to pleasure, but dead to any worth-while aim and purpose in life.

An artist has painted a picture of the Resurrection in which he has tried to represent the work as only half done. Some are represented as alive up to their

waists, some as having only one arm alive, and some with just half of the head alive. It is, of course, a freak picture. I do not know what this artist had in mind in painting such a picture, but it represents a thing that is quite possible in human life. We see all about us people who are only partly alive. They are alive to the things of time and sense, but their spiritual nature is dead. They are content with a mere pleasure-loving, amusement-seeking existence. They do not respond to the higher and more worth-while things of life. The only things that appeal to them are coarse, vulgar, materialistic things.

Such people are to be pitied. They do not know life at its fullest and best. They do not know what it is to really live. We never learn what it is to really live until we learn to live after the spirit and to mind the things of the spirit. It is just as Paul says: "To be carnally minded is death; but to be spiritually minded is life and peace."

Parading Your Troubles

"If I were hungry, I would not tell thee."—Psalm 50: 12.

IF I were hungry." If I were in difficulty. If I were in trouble. "I would not tell thee." Not just to advertise the fact. Not just to parade my trouble.

There are times, of course, when one in trouble must make it known. He must have help. He must tell somebody in order to secure the help he needs. There are times, too, when one feels that he must unbosom himself to somebody. Not that he would seek

material help. But it is a relief just to pour out his troubles into the sympathetic ear of a friend. That is a different thing, however, from parading one's troubles. There are many who make a practice of doing that. They parade their aches and pains. Even the slightest little trouble they have is paraded before the public.

What a foolish practice is this! People soon become accustomed to it. When they do, instead of sympathizing with you, they will treat your troubles as a joke. Not only so, but you will come to be regarded more or less as a pest.

The better way is to hide your troubles. At least you should refrain from advertising them needlessly. William George Jordan speaks of "men who do not syndicate their sorrows." Of them he says: "They do not study their lives as under a microscope, then throw their miseries and troubles enlarged upon a screen, and proceed to deliver a lecture on them. They may have dyspepsia, but they keep it out of their heads and quarantine themselves lest they infect others with their dyspeptic mood." These are the people who get the most sympathy when they really need it.

Peddlers of Discouragement

"Our brethren have discouraged our hearts."—Deut. 1:28.

MOSES is speaking of the ten spies who brought back the cowardly report about the giants and walled cities in Canaan, and who thus spread dismay

in the camp of Israel, just as they were ready to enter the promised land. The result was calamitous. Israel was turned back into the wilderness and shut out of the promised land for forty years.

Discouragers like these ten spies are ever present among us. They are ever going about, peddling gloom and pessimism everywhere they go. They see grasshoppers as giants. They see unscalable walls around every proposed enterprise. They see only the dark clouds and never the silver lining behind them. They live in the valley of shadows and never attempt to climb to the mountain heights where the sun is shining. They never see the stars that burn as beacons of hope in the heavens above. Not content to keep their fears and doubts to themselves, they go around quenching the light of cheer and hope that shines in the hearts of others.

How I dread to have these discouragers come around me. They never make you feel stronger, braver, or happier. They take the heart out of you, and make you feel as if there were less to live for. They make life and work harder for us all.

What crimes they commit! Thousands have been turned back by them from the promised land of success and achievement into the wilderness of defeat and failure. It would be amazing to us if we could know the things men have aspired to do but have left undone because of these peddlers of discouragement.

Pushing Religion

"Righteousness exalteth a nation."—Prov. 14: 34.

SOME years ago some Y. M. C. A. workers were trying to establish a railroad branch of the Association on the Great Northern Railroad. They secured an interview with the late James Hill, the president, with the view of getting a contribution from him. Not knowing that he was a religious man, they talked about the educational, social, physical, and other lines of Association work. "Well, gentlemen," said the great railroader, "have you said all you have to say in favour of the Y. M. C. A.?" They thought they had. "How does it come," said he, "you have not mentioned the most important branch of your work —religion? This is the only part that interests me. We have tried all these others, and they have all proved flat failures after a few months. The boys don't want books and games and eats, and our gym is a thousand miles long. Now, if you want to push religion, I'll give you five thousand dollars for a starter."

"If you want to push religion." That is the thing to push first. It is all right to push education. It is all right to make provision for social and recreational needs. But the thing needed most of all is religion. Without religion, what we do along these other lines is like pouring a bottle of cold water into our social Vesuvius.

"Righteousness exalteth a nation." A nation cannot be made righteous without the help of religion.

Religion is the only dynamic that can change men's hearts and lives. It is the only power to bring men into right relationship with God. Right relationship with God is absolutely necessary to the maintenance of personal, social, commercial, and political integrity. All attempts to build a righteous nation without reference to God are doomed to failure.

Push your educational, social, physical, and other lines of work all you please, but don't forget to push the most important thing of all—religion.

Ruling Children by Fear

"Do not sin against the child."—Gen. 42.22.

CHILDREN are sinned against in many ways. One of the most common ways of sinning against them is the practice followed by many parents of ruling their children by fear.

Sometime ago the newspapers carried a dreadful story, so dreadful that I hesitate to repeat it. It makes me shudder every time I think of it. The story told of a mother who locked her little three-year-old girl in a clothes closet as a punishment for some misbehaviour. Notwithstanding the child's frantic cries, she was kept locked up for some while, the mother thinking she was merely crying to get out. When finally the door was opened the child was found dead. She had been strangled to death by a coachwhip snake.

Not once would I ever repeat this dreadful story but for the fact that it carries a lesson many parents

need to learn. It has always seemed to me a heartless thing to put children in dark places to punish them. It is a poor method of controlling children to punish them by frightening them in any manner.

Parents who rule and control their children by fear do them an unpardonable wrong. Instead of making them docile and obedient, it rather tends to make them rebellious and incorrigible. Often the result is shattered and jerky nerves, which is a menace to their health. The moral and ethical effect is anything but wholesome. The effect in every way is bad. Many are hampered all through life by the ill effects resulting from the rule of fear to which they were subjected in childhood.

Fear is a cruel tyrant to place over a child. Woe to the parents who thus sin against their children!

Respect for Law

"Submit yourselves to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake: whether it be to the king, as supreme; or unto governors, as unto them that are sent by him for the punishment of evildoers."—1 Pet. 2:13.

TURNING my attention to write this little sermon on Respect for Law, I picked up my morning paper to see what crimes it reported. Glancing over the front page, I noted the following: thirteen cases of fraud, two murders, one suicide, one case of poisoning, one hold-up, one robbery, one case of perjury, one case of conspiracy, and two news items about violations of the prohibition law, each involving a number of people. All these on the front page in one issue

of a daily paper, and the paper not specially selected but picked up at random. Rather startling, is it not?

Examining these cases, I found that they were not crimes of the underworld, but involved mostly prominent people, bankers, leading business men, leaders in politics, and men highly respected in their communities. We expect to find crime in the underworld, but these crimes were for the most part uncovered in places where they were least expected to be found.

Whatever else may be said about the crime situation, there is a widespread disrespect for law abroad in the land; not only among the lower classes of society, but among people in high places. And whatever other crime-prevention measures may be adopted, we need to find some way of teaching and instilling into the people respect for the law. I do not think we could find any more effective way than that Abraham Lincoln pointed out when he said: "Let reverence for the law be breathed by every American mother to the lisping babe that prattles on her lap; let it be taught in schools, in seminaries, and in colleges; let it be written in primers, spelling books, and in almanacs; let it be preached from the pulpit, proclaimed in legislative halls, and enforced in courts of justice. And, in short, let it become the political religion of the nation; and let the old and the young, the rich and the poor, the grave and the gay of all sexes and tongues and colours and conditions, sacrifice unceasingly upon its altars."

Sentiment

"There came a woman having an alabaster box of ointment of spikenard, very precious; and she brake the box, and poured it on his head."—Mark 14:3.

MEN of practical mind who witnessed this incident protested, saying, "Why this waste?" It seemed all too sentimental to them.

Some people never do anything for the sake of sentiment. They pride themselves on being practical. If left to them, they would turn the whole earth into a cornfield. No room would be allowed for a flower garden. To be sure the cornfield has its place, but without some flower gardens this would be a dreary-looking earth. We can't run the world on sentiment, but without it human society would be intolerable.

There may be such a thing as being too sentimental, but I am sorry for people who have no sentiment in their nature. I do not see how such people get any thrill out of life. They must be a misery to themselves. Certainly they do not make happy companions. Without sentiment the heart becomes cold and hard.

Sentiment is by no means a useless thing. It is a very necessary thing. It is the poetry that mingles with the prose of everyday life. Sentiment makes much easier the hard, prosaic, practical parts of life. The man who has a heart that responds to the tender and beautiful is the man best prepared for life's sterner duties.

Sentiment is not weakness. Sentiment is power. Sentiment is inspiration. It is the inspiration that lies back of the noblest deeds of self-sacrifice and love.

The noblest and most useful things ever done in the world have been inspired by a sentimental motive.

People who speak disparagingly of sentiment little understand its value and meaning. "Very precious" indeed is the "alabaster box" of sentiment.

Sick Heads and Faint Hearts

"The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faints."—Is. 1:5.

THE whole head is sick." Mentally indisposed. Mentally lazy. A disease with which many are afflicted. They do not use their heads. They never exercise their minds enough to think things through. They never look behind effects to discover causes. They do little meditating upon life and its problems. Hence life becomes to them a bewildering maze, and they become the victims of all sorts of misconceptions and distorted views.

"The whole heart is faint." Courage gone. Hope gone. And there are many in this pathetic plight. They do not see any promise for the future. In their despair their hearts have failed them. They have become weak and cowardly in the presence of life's troubles and difficulties. They do not have heart enough to brace themselves up for even a halfway battle.

"The whole head is sick, and the whole heart is faint." A sick head always means a faint heart. If you want to keep your heart cheerful, keep your head clear. Do not yield to mental indolence. Discipline

yourself to think, and to think clearly and truly. Do not let your problems get you mentally muddled. Think them through, measure them, and see them from all sides and angles. A little clear, straight thinking will make a great difference in the way things look to you. And seeing things differently, you will feel differently about them. Work your head better, and your heart will work better. Sick heads and faint hearts go together. Unless you keep your mind healthy and alert, you cannot keep your heart hopeful and courageous. "Wherefore gird up the loins of your mind, be sober, and hope to the end."

Stick to Your Bush

"Let every man abide in the same calling wherein he was called." —1 Cor. 7:20.

FIRST, be sure to select a good bush, not one that bears evil fruit. Choose no occupation that does not make for good.

Be sure also to choose the right bush. In choosing your vocation, choose one that is suited to your taste and talents. Many a man who would make a good farmer would only make a second-class lawyer or doctor. This is not to imply that there is only one calling in which you can succeed, and missing that, failure is sure. Perhaps there are several vocations, in any one of which you might be successful. But be sure that you do not get into something for which you are wholly unfitted. Doubtless there is some particular thing that you can do better than anything

else, if you are wise enough to discover that thing. Much depends on the bush you choose.

Having chosen your bush, let it be to you the bush of all bushes. Never cast a covetous eye toward the other fellow's bush. Magnify your own calling. See nothing greater than the thing you are doing. If you are doing the right thing, and doing it well, for you that thing is the greatest calling on earth, no matter how humble.

Finally, having chosen your bush, stick to it. The man who is all the time shifting from bush to bush never succeeds at anything. "Stickability" is one of the prime elements of success. Lacking this, no matter what other qualifications one may possess, he will be a failure.

At first your bush may require hard digging, and yield little fruit. But let the beginnings be what they may, stick to your bush.

Sit Still a While

"Their strength is to sit still."—Is. 30:7.

ALL activity is not achievement. All motion is not progress. Sit still a while. Take time to get your bearings, and your motion and activity will count for more.

Haste makes waste. Hurry flusters and upsets. Sit still a while. Learn to take things more calmly, and you will soon find yourself working more efficiently and effectively.

Feverish straining is exhausting. Working hur-

riedly and excitedly quickly breaks down the vital forces of both body and soul. Sit still a while. Give your body and soul a chance to accumulate a little reserve power, and you will have a greater resilience and last longer.

"Their strength is to sit still." We associate strength with exercise. And exercise is necessary to strength, whether physical, moral, or spiritual. But strength also needs quietness and stillness. "There is a silence in which the soul grows, and an inaction in which action comes to birth." And there is nothing we more need to learn to-day than this, in the midst of our hurrying life.

There is a strength and poise gained only in quietness. There is also a knowledge gained only in stillness—"Be still and know that I am God." The deeper truths of life are taught by the "still small voice" which may not be heard amid the din of world noises. The great realities of the spiritual realm are discovered and apprehended in silent and solitary reflection. Indeed, in every realm, in art, music, literature, science, and mechanics, the greatest discoveries come out of brooding in silence.

If you would know life's deeper meaning, or make any worth-while discoveries, acquire the habit of silent thinking. Come apart occasionally, and sit still a while.

Saving the Fragments

"Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost."—John 6: 12.

A RECENT news item tells of a cook book just published in Norway, written by Mrs. Esther Meidell. Besides recipes, it contains menus for a family of four, which, it is estimated, can be provided at a total cost of about twenty-five dollars monthly.

The good housewives of Norway challenged that this could be done, and so it was arranged for Mrs. Meidell to give a public demonstration with physicians to supervise the experiment and ascertain the nutritive value of her dishes. The verdict was in her favour.

As to the cost of her menus, Mrs. Meidell's demonstration proved that the main element was "economy in the kitchen." From this standpoint it would be well if her book could be introduced into most American kitchens.

This new book, it is said, has incensed certain groups in Norway who are demanding higher wages from their employers. An American writer commenting on the book says that what is needed is not more economy in the kitchen, but better wages in the shop. But better wages in the shop would be no excuse for waste in the kitchen.

Abundance is never an excuse for waste. That was the meaning of the fragments which Jesus commanded to be gathered up after the five thousand had been so bountifully fed. He wanted to teach the peo-

ple a lesson in economy. It is a lesson greatly needed in America to-day, and nowhere more than in the average American kitchen. We hear of multitudes in other parts of the world starving for bread; and it is estimated that the fragments from our kitchens, if gathered up, would be enough to feed all these starving multitudes.

Sunday School Prevents Crime

"The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."—Prov. 9: 10.

NOT a single Sunday school attendant was ever brought before me charged with the commission of a crime. I regard religious instruction, especially Sunday school instruction, as the most desirable and necessary thing for the people of America at this time."

This statement was recently made by a district judge of New York at a meeting of the State Sunday School Association. At the same meeting another judge, a Supreme Court Judge, said: "My experience during eighteen years on the bench, in which time more than 4,000 boys under twenty-one years of age were convicted of crime before me, of whom but three were members of a Sunday school, has satisfied me of the value of Sunday schools to the community in helping to safeguard it from the growth of criminals." Further he said, "In fact, I regard our Sunday schools as the only effective means of stemming the rising tide of vice and crime among our youth."

In one case this judge said to a sixteen-year-old

boy: "I am going to sentence you to five years attendance at Sunday school. Will you carry out the sentence?" "Sure I will," replied the boy. The judge found the proper teacher and also got the boy a position in a store. Later the boy became manager of the store and finally married the proprietor's only daughter.

The experience of these two judges proves beyond question the value of the Sunday school as a means of preventing crime. But what is to come of it? Nothing much, if we dismiss it and do nothing about it. We have been talking for a long time about ways and means of preventing crime, and yet the crime wave goes on unabated. The time has come when we ought to get down to brass tacks and do something. Convention discussions will not remedy the situation.

A Go-to-Sunday-school movement in every community would be worth while. But why wait for such a movement? How many boys and girls could you get into Sunday school on your own account, if you tried hard enough? Concerning this matter, and other matters about which we have had so much convention discussion, what is needed more than anything else is a sense of individual responsibility and more individual initiative in doing the things we know ought to be done, instead of depending so much upon special movements and organizations.

Shall We Scrap the Church?

"The church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth." —1 Tim. 3:15.

IT IS time to scrap the church," said a young man in a recent convention of America's so-called "flaming youth," a convention of college students called together by certain of our leaders to hear their opinions concerning present-day problems. A good many interesting ideas and opinions were brought out at that convention, but just now I am concerned only with the impatient attitude toward the church displayed by this particular young man in his bold assertion. Evidently in his opinion the church is no longer a vital factor in the social order, and, so far as any good it is doing in the world, might as well be scrapped.

It is nothing unusual to hear such complaints against the church in these days. Indeed, it has become quite the fashion among some of our so-called advanced thinkers and self-styled prophets to belittle the church. And from other sources, perhaps more sincere, we hear a great many expressions of impatience with the church for this thing and that thing it ought to do and does not do. Why doesn't the church stop war? Why doesn't the church stop industrial disturbances? Why doesn't the church stop crime and lawlessness? Impatiently critics of the church are continually raising such questions as these.

As a friend of the church, I do not hesitate to concede that there is some ground for some of the criti-

cisms and complaints we hear. If the church had done its full duty all along the line, things might not be as bad as they are. And yet, I would remind these impatient faultfinders, if it were not for what the church has done and is doing, things would be ten thousand times worse than they are.

Paul spoke of the church as "the pillar and ground of the truth." It is "the pillar and ground" of all that is best in our civilization. With all its faults and failures, it is the noblest institution that ever blessed human society. The church may be falling far short of doing all it ought to do; but let those who harp so much on this, and who think the church might as well be scrapped, try to picture what the conditions would be in the world with the church gone and its influence forgotten.

Theatrical Religion

"Therefore when thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets, that they may have glory of men."—Matt. 6:2.

IN NEW TESTAMENT times the Greek word here translated "hypocrite" meant an actor, a stage player. There is a good deal of stage playing in religion, or what we might call theatrical religion. An actor is not what he appears to be on the stage. He is simply playing a rôle. And in religious circles there are many who play the rôle of a saint without an element of saintliness in their character. Whatever is not of the heart is of the theatre.

It is this theatrical religion the text condemns—a

religion which manifests itself only in religious pretensions, religious regalia, and religious ceremonies. Back of such religion there is no heart and soul, no vital conviction, and no genuine sincerity. Its performances are all theatrical, engaged in merely to win the admiration and praise of men.

The man who is merely stage acting in religion will cease playing the part when there is no audience to applaud. Forbid him to sound a trumpet before him when he is about to give to the poor, and he will cease to give. Forbid him to pray where he will be seen and heard of men, and he will cease to pray. Forbid him to magnify himself in his religious work, and he will cease to be a religious worker.

All true men abhor this playing-to-the-stage kind of religion. God repudiates and condemns it. "God is a Spirit: and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." True religion springs from spiritual insight and conviction, and manifests itself in moral purity, faithfulness to duty, and unselfish service to God and men. The world's greatest need is such religion.

Thinking Heavenward

"For thou, Lord, hast made me glad through thy work: I will triumph in the works of thy hands. O Lord, how great are thy works! and thy thoughts are very deep. A brutish man knoweth not; neither doth a fool understand this."—Psalm 92:4–6.

EVIDENTLY the psalmist spent a great deal of time gazing into the heavens and contemplating the handiwork of God. From such contemplation

there came to him the grandest conceptions of God's works and the greatness of His power. To him it was a blessed and elevating experience to become enrapt with the thoughts of God clothed upon with the splendours and wonders of the universe.

Some people cannot appreciate such an experience. They are incapable of these boundless and rapturous sweeps of vision and thought. They have brains only for those things that are vulgar, frivolous, coarse, narrow, and sordid. Their thinking is all earthward, never heavenward.

"A brutish man knoweth not." A brute is a creature of the dust, and there are many men who are nothing more than creatures of the dust, living upon the low, creeping level of the unthinking and unaspiring brute, moved only by fleshly desires, with never a thought above the ground. Steeped in the dust of materialism, they have apparently become destitute of any high and noble thought.

"Neither doth a fool understand this." He does not understand because he has never trained his mind for high thinking. Continually occupying his mind with thoughts of materialistic and vulgar things, he has become incapable of heavenly and spiritual conceptions.

But man is divinely endowed with a capacity for a higher level of thinking than that of the brutish man and the fool. We sin against our better selves when we neglect to cultivate and develop this capacity. Like the psalmist, we ought to train ourselves to think heavenward and, contemplating the works of the divine hand, fill our souls with the larger thoughts

and higher aspirations such as he experienced and describes in the text.

The World's Book of Comfort

"To comfort all that mourn."—Is. 61:2.

AS NO other book, the Bible comes "to comfort all that mourn." When trouble overtakes us, when the grave covers our dead, and we wander aimlessly in the broken household, it is the Bible that comes to comfort and console us.

In times of affliction and sorrow the Bible is peculiarly adapted to our wants. It teaches us to say, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." It says: "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." It says: "Let not your heart be troubled: in my Father's house are many mansions." And the soul responds: "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the God of all comfort who comforteth us in all our tribulations."

For a good many years I have been a minister, and a very large part of my work has been that of ministering comfort to troubled and sorrowing hearts. In this ministry I have relied wholly on the Bible. Without that blessed book I would be at a loss as a comforter. When people are in trouble, when they are stricken with grief, and send for their minister, they want him to come with his Bible—and not any other

book. There is no other book that will take its place in the house of mourning.

O blessed Book of consolation! Who can tell of the millions it has comforted in their sorrows? Who can tell of the heartaches it has alleviated, the tears it has dried away, the clouds it has turned into sunshine? Of all books, the Bible is the world's great book of comfort.

The Little Foxes

"The little foxes, that spoil the vines."—Song of Solomon 2:15.

NOT the hyena or the tiger of monstrous sins. But the little foxes, the small sins. These are the sins that destroy the vines of character.

Little foxes soon grow to be big foxes. Little foxes of temper soon become grown-up jackals. Little foxes of innuendo very rapidly grow into big foxes of slander and bitter vituperation. The little "white lie" becomes the progenitor of the big black lie. The little fox of petty theft becomes the big fox of felonious robbery.

Little sins creep upon us unawares, and often before we recognize their presence they tear down our vines. Ignoring their presence and growth, we become the prey of the full-grown brood before we are concerned about our condition.

Little insincerities, little infractions of the law, the little evils we do—these are the sources from which have sprung the great masses of vice and crime.

Let one little fox in our vineyard, and soon others will come flocking in. All evils have a strong affinity for one another. One sin is an invitation to a whole train of sins. The soldier who was smuggled into a fortress, concealed in a haycart, opened the gates of a citadel to his allies outside. Every sin we admit into our lives is charged with the same errand: Open wide the gates when you are inside, and let us all come in after you.

"Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines: for our vines have tender grapes." Character is a very tender, delicate thing. It needs to be protected against every evil, even the smallest evil. Keep away the little foxes.

The Bright Side of Death

"To die is gain."—Phil. 1:21.

WHERE there's shadow there's sun," says an old tinker in an English story I read recently. Even the shadow of death has its sun. Therefore, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil."

"We all do fade as a leaf," says Isaiah. Yes, but the fading leaves of autumn live again in the green leaves of spring. And like the leaves, we do but fade and die to live again. As Bulwer Lytton cheerily sings:

"There is no death; the leaves may fall,
The flowers fade and pass away;
They only wait through wintry hours
The coming of the May.'

One said when facing death, "Now I shall learn the rest of that beautiful adventure we all must take." Though there are many things about death we do not know now, of this we are assured, that it will be an adventure leading to discoveries beyond anything we have dreamed.

"To die is gain," says Paul. Interpreting this, one has said: "To die is to be a man. To live is to try to be one. To live is to see God through a glass darkly. To die is to see Him face to face. To live is to be in the ore; to die is to be smelted and come out pure gold. To live is to be in January and December; to die is to bask in the eternal sunlight, close by the fountain of life."

Concerning the nature of death and our future life the Bible tells but little. It tells enough, however, to assure us that there is an eternally bright side to death.

The Seriousness of Living

"Bestir thyself."—2 Sam. 5:24.

SPEAKING of this human life, Renan said: "There is nothing serious at the bottom." Unfortunately that is the view many take of life. The seriousness of living seems never to have occurred to them. They seem satisfied just to take life easy. They never bestir themselves to any heroic action. No serious purpose possesses them.

Joseph Cook, the famous Monday lecturer of Boston, said on one occasion, "Gentlemen, this life, up to the edge of the tomb, is no joke." The man who

treats life as a joke will soon find that life will treat him as a joke.

Life is becoming to me more and more a thing of terrible seriousness. Not that life has no place for fun. There have been few more serious-minded men than Abraham Lincoln. Yet fun was a large element in his life. But we are not to live for fun. Life is too important to be frittered away in mere amusement.

To live thoughtlessly, carelessly, frivolously, is to miss the high end of our being. It is also to miss the real joy of living. Frivolity at best is only a temporary diversion. It affords no lasting pleasure. Life's enduring pleasures, its deepest and sweetest joys, are known only to those who live sober, worth-while lives.

"Bestir thyself." Life is not meant to be spent in idleness, or too much of it in play. There is no more tragic sight in this world than a meaningless, frivolous life. There is nothing so beautiful as a true, noble, purposeful life.

All life is serious. There is a moral character in all that we do. It behooves us, therefore, to treat life as a serious matter.

The Day of Small Things

"Who hath despised the day of small things?"—Zech. 4:10.

IF YOU wish to come out at the big end of the horn, you must go in at the little end," is an old maxim that has often been quoted to young men starting out in life, the object being to advise them against trying

to start on too big a scale. It is wholesome advice, and much needed by young men of to-day among whom there is an all too prevalent spirit of restlessness, haste, and mad impatience. Young men to-day want to leap to heights that were made to climb. The day of small beginnings is despised.

Young men going into business want to jump into the big end of the horn at the start. They are not willing to squeeze their way through the little end of the horn.

Young people get married and want to start right out on a big social schedule, live in a stone-front house, hire servants, and ride in a fine automobile.

"Who hath despised the day of small things?" He will likely be despised in the day of great things. The fellow who plunges in at the big end of the horn will likely be found later on crawling out at the little end. The young man who begins his life work on a scale too big for him, who tries to outwit and forestall time, is almost sure to fail.

Do not try to jump to the top of the ladder. You might miss it. The only safe and sure way is to start at the bottom and climb. Do not despise the day of small things.

Too Busy with the Store

"There is that neither day nor night seeth sleep with his eyes." —Ecc. 8: 16.

A LITTLE boy was looking out of the window at the starlit heavens pondering, perhaps, on the great world beyond.

"Mamma," he said suddenly, "will I go to heaven some day?"

"Yes, dear, if you are good."

"And will you be there?"

"I hope so. And Papa too," she added.

The boy shook his head positively.

"No," he said, "Papa won't be there. He couldn't leave the store."

There are thousands of men and women who are so engrossed with the one thing they are doing that they think they are too busy for other things. They have no time for home, or to think about heaven. They cannot "leave the store."

There is the business man so wrapped up in his business that he cannot afford time for anything else. There is the woman who is too busy with her social engagements to give much thought to her household. And thousands of such men and women there are so busy with this or that thing as to exclude every other thought.

One of the great curses of our present-day life is, as Robert Burdette puts it, that everybody is "too busy to get away from the crowd for a while, and think, to stand at one side and let the world run by, while you get acquainted with yourself." And, it might be added, too busy to get acquainted with anybody else. So busy, as Solomon puts it, that they scarcely see sleep day or night.

If you want to know the meaning of life and the real joy of living, do not be too busy with the store.

The Parable of the Ships

"There go the ships."—Psalm 104:26.

THERE go the ships—thousands of them—over the world's wide oceans. Whither bound? Do they know? Do they sail without compass or course? Do they have no destined port? Do they carry precious cargoes, not knowing whither? Can you conceive of such a thing as a ship upon the high seas, not knowing why it is afloat, what it is doing, and where it is going?

Suppose you hail one of these passing ships. Call to the captain and ask him, "Whither bound?" He will tell you exactly. But suppose he couldn't tell you? Suppose he should answer, "I don't know; it does not matter; I go where the winds and currents take me." What would you think of him? You would call him a maniac. You would tell him that where the winds take men on the seas is to shipwreck and disaster.

There go the ships. What ships? Ships of human lives. Among them is your ship. Whither bound? Do you know? Do you sail without compass or chart? You carry precious cargo. Do you know to what port? Or are you just drifting, leaving the winds and tides to take you where they will? Then I must tell you that you are a maniac. I must tell you that where the winds take men on the high seas of life is to shipwreck, ruin, and death.

The parable is plain. The man without a purpose in life is like a ship at sea without compass or course. If you have no commanding purpose, no definite

course in life, you will sooner or later drift upon the shoals of disaster and ruin.

The Man in the Mirror

"A man beholding his natural face in a glass."—James 1:23.

THE man in the mirror. What do you think of him? Do you think he is genuine? Do you think he is sincere? Do you think he is honest? Do you think he is truthful? Do you think he is clean? Do you think he is good-natured? Do you think he is fair-minded? Do you think he is charitable? Does he appeal to you? Does he invite your confidence? How far would you trust him? How would you like him for a friend? Never mind what others think of him. What do *you* think of him—this man in the mirror?

Do you really know the man? Have you ever taken time to get acquainted with him? Suppose you do. Just walk right up to him, and say, "I want to know you; I want to know what sort of man you are; there are some questions I want to ask you." Then go ahead and ask him whatever you like. Make your questions as searching as you please. Question him along the lines that I have questioned you about him. Look him straight in the face while you are doing it. You need not hesitate. He will not regard it as an impertinence. He will not in the least resent it—not from you.

You may not find this man to be all that he ought to be. Perhaps you can give him some friendly advice. Perhaps you can help him to be a better man. Take

him with you into your private room; sit down with him, just you two alone, and have a heart-to-heart talk—you and the man in the mirror.

The Bondage of Fear

"The spirit of bondage again to fear."—Rom. 8:15.

THERE is no bondage more galling than the bondage of fear.

Fear is the hardest and most cruel of all taskmasters. It imposes upon its victims a merciless servitude. It drives them to hopelessness and despair.

A recent article by a noted physician and health writer said: "Nothing can be more damaging to effort and to happiness than fear. It is paralyzing to vigour. It is undermining to health. Fear is death-dealing."

Fear is caused by two things, sin and lack of trust and confidence. Get rid of sin and doubt, and you will be rid of fear.

"The wicked flee when no man pursueth." "If iniquity be in thine hand, put it far away, and let not wickedness dwell in thy tabernacles. For then shalt thou lift up thy face without spot; yea, thou shalt be steadfast, and shalt not fear."

Doubt is ever a breeder of dark and fearful forebodings. "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" Cease from your doubting. Cultivate confidence. Believe in yourself. Believe in your fellow men. Have faith in God. Faith paints a rainbow in every

cloud. Faith crowns the brow of the darkest night with jewelled stars. Faith dispels fear and drives away all its dreadful spectres.

Faith and right living point the only way of deliverance from fear. Seek God's forgiveness for your past sins and live right, and no more will you be hounded and driven by that most awful of all fear, the fear born of sin. Trust in God and have faith, and no more will you be the victim of that paralyzing and joy-destroying fear that doubt inspires. Do these two things, and you will be free from fear's bondage.

The Search for the Hidden

"The kingdom of heaven is like unto treasure hid in a field; the which when a man hath found, he hideth, and for joy thereof goeth and selleth all that he hath, and buyeth that field."—Matt. 13.44.

MANY things God has hidden from us. Not that He does not want us to have them. There are at least two reasons for this.

First, He hides a thing from us that we may have the refining discipline of searching for it. A refining, wholesome effect results from the effort to discover hidden things.

Second, He hides a thing in order that we may enjoy the keen delight of discovery. It has often been a question of debate whether there is more pleasure in pursuit or possession. However that may be, the pleasure of possession is enhanced by previous pursuit.

Things we get easily are usually esteemed lightly. If diamonds were as plentiful as pebbles, nobody

would want them. The rarest flower on earth grows on the Alpine heights, and it derives its value from the fact that only the most daring hand can pluck it.

If everything could be obtained without searching, without effort, life would become superficial and we would miss half the fascination of living.

We have to dig for the rarest treasures. The things of greatest worth cannot be attained without sacrifice. For every pearl that ever glittered on a queen's crown some daring diver had to risk himself beneath the waves.

The same principle applies in the spiritual realm. "The kingdom of heaven is like unto a treasure hid in a field." "Ask," "Seek," "Knock," are the key words which unlock the doors to the divine kingdom of truth and righteousness.

"Search the scriptures." It is only by earnest searching that we can discover the hidden things of God's word and His kingdom, and make them our own.

The Achievements of Patience

"Be ye also patient."—James 5:8.

PATIENCE is genius," says Buffon.

"With time and patience the mulberry leaf becomes satin," says a Chinese proverb.

"The world is his who has patience," says an Italian proverb.

"Hard pounding, gentlemen, but we will see who can pound the longest," said Wellington at Waterloo.

Cyrus Field toiled with ceaseless patience for thir-

teen years, and that in the face of the most difficult and discouraging circumstances, before the Atlantic cable was laid.

Mr. Edison's phonograph, we are told, long refused to say the word "special." It dropped the "s" and could only say "pecial." Mr. Edison worked for seven months to make the phonograph utter that sound.

"Be ye also patient." It is only by the exercise of patience that anything worth while is ever achieved.

Some years ago the great steamship *Umbria* was stopped in mid-Atlantic by a flaw in her engine shaft. Relatively to the entire shaft, that flaw was a small thing; but it was enough to stop the vessel.

The main shaft of a man's life is purpose, and the flaw in it is often the lack of patience. A small flaw it may seem, but it has caused many to stop short of reaching their goal.

No matter what other qualities a man may possess, if he lacks patience he will never win any very great success in anything.

The history of great success is largely a history of the achievements of patience.

Teamwork

"That ye stand fast in one spirit, with one mind striving together for the faith of the gospel."—Phil. 1:27.

"STRIVING together" is an athletic term. The figure is that of an athletic contest in which the contestants "strive together" for the mastery over their

opponents. The idea is that of team play, team play being one of the essentials to winning in the contest.

A brilliant player on a well-known college football team of last season is not on the team this year. He was one of the best of athletes, but he was not a team player. He made trouble off the field; and on the field he expected coöperation without giving it.

A metropolitan newspaper is offering a handsome silver trophy to the player on the high school teams of its city who, at the end of the season, is adjudged to have been of the most value to his team. Team play is to figure very largely in determining the player entitled to receive this trophy.

As in athletic contests, so in the great game of life. For successful achievement, or for the winning of any cause, teamwork is a most important factor.

It is for teamwork in advancing the kingdom of God in the world that Paul pleads in the text. God's kingdom will never come on earth until those who are of His kingdom and love it show a greater adaptability for teamwork than they have hitherto.

J. Mason Knox's little poem is to the point—

"It ain't the guns nor armament,
Nor funds that they can pay,
But the close coöperation,
That makes them win the day.

"It ain't the individual,
Nor the army as a whole,
But the everlasting teamwork
Of every bloomin' soul."

The Peril of Victory

"Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil."—Matt. 4: 1.

THEN was Jesus led into the wilderness to be tempted. When? Immediately following His baptism when "the heavens were opened unto Him, and He saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove, and lighting upon Him."

The greatest temptations we ever have often come just following our highest and holiest experiences.

"Thou wast slain in thine high places." It is in high places that the steep and dangerous precipice is found.

Men often become victims of their victories. "The next most dreadful thing to a battle lost is a battle won," said Wellington.

The peril of victory, if anything, is greater than the peril of defeat. The defeated man, if he has any grit and courage, will arm himself again and renew the battle more determined to win than ever. The victorious man is often tempted to be satisfied with his victory and disinclined to draw his sword in further battles. Often he becomes too self-confident and rushes into the next battle without due caution and vigilance.

Perhaps the greatest peril of victory is the indolent relaxation to which the victorious are inclined to yield themselves following the strain of battle—a state in which they become the easy victims of all sorts of temptations.

Great triumphs are often succeeded by great tragedies. Following our Jordan experiences when the heavens open unto us, we are often led into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil. It is in the high moments of life that men need particularly to be on their guard.

The Thinker

"Wherefore gird up the loins of your mind."—1 Pet. 1:13.

COLUMBUS thought, and a new continent emerged into the horizon of the world's civilization.

Robert Fulton thought, and a network of steamboats lined the great waterways of the world.

Benjamin Franklin thought, and the lightning was harnessed to light our cities and run our street cars.

Cyrus Field thought, and through cables laid in ocean depths daily communication was established between all the nations of earth.

Carlyle wrote, "In every epoch of the world, the greatest event, parent of all others, is it not the arrival of a thinker in the world?"

And yet, the arrival of a thinker is not always welcomed by the world. The United States Congress was greatly annoyed by Cyrus Field. Comfortable and complacent people do not usually like to be disturbed by a thinker. Emerson must have had these people in mind when he said, "Beware when the great God lets loose a thinker on this planet."

The unthinking are apt to regard the thinker as a tragedy. But the real tragedy of the world is that

there are so many people who are too indifferent or too lazy to think.

What the world needs is more thinking. "Wherefore gird up the loins of your mind"—and think. To think deeply and profoundly is a laborious task, and requires strenuous effort.

Think Big

"As he thinketh in his heart, so is he."—Prov. 23:7.

I'D TELL that boy, too, that it pays to think big," Henry Ford said recently, among other things, when asked what advice he would give a young man as to how to succeed.

Naturalists tell us that there is a certain kind of fish in Central Africa which varies in size according to the size of the lake in which it lives, the same species being larger or smaller in proportion to the dimensions of their habitat.

Likewise men differ in size according to the size of the world of thought in which they live. Men are larger or smaller in proportion to the scale of their habitat of thought.

If you know the size of a man's thinking, you know his measure. Small thinking means small men. It takes big thinking to produce big men.

"It pays to think big." You will never be any bigger than the terms in which you think. If you think only in terms of little things, you will be a little man. If you want to be a big man, you must think big.

"As a man thinketh, so is he." Solomon was speak-

ing of man's moral life when he said that. But the principle applies in other directions. What a man thinks determines not only the measure of his moral life but the measure of his material achievements.

Men who achieve big things are big thinkers. Mr. Ford himself is an illustration of the fact that it pays, as he says, to think big. It was big thinking that achieved his big success.

Of course, big thinking merely indulged in as an idle dream never gets one anywhere. Big thinking pays only when followed by big acting.

The Clouds We Dread

"Now men see not the bright light which is in the clouds."—Job 37:21.

RECENTLY I saw a cloud rising, dark and threatening, and I said, "It looks as though there is a storm in that cloud." But looking up again presently I noticed that the cloud had passed over; and seeing it now after it had passed over, I said, "Well, that was not such a stormy cloud after all."

So it is with our troubles. They always look worse as they approach us than they do after they have passed over. Often, when we see trouble coming, it looks terrible to us; we become frightened, and fear that it will mean our ruin. But it passes over, and we are not ruined. And looking at it after it has passed over, we discover that the thing after all was not so dreadful as we thought. Some of us have passed through this experience so often, it would seem that

we should no longer allow ourselves to be scared out of our wits every time we see a cloud of trouble rising.

Another day I saw another cloud rising, also dangerous looking. I said, "That looks like a wind cloud." But when the cloud came up, it spread out into a vapour, and instead of wind we had a refreshing shower of rain.

It often turns out the same way with our troubles. Often, as we see some trouble approaching, we almost fear for our lives, only to find when it has come and gone that it was but a disguised bearer of a blessing. Here again is an experience some of us have had so many times it would seem that we ought to cease becoming so frightened at every trouble cloud that appears upon our horizon.

The American Mania

"In returning and rest shall ye be saved; in quietness and in confidence shall be your strength."—Is. 30: 15.

"AMERICANITIS" is a term coined by Europeans to designate the malady common to Americans of hurrying and worrying, of excitement and nervousness, of restlessness and discontent. It is an apt term. We have the disease, and in quite an aggravated form.

Speed and hurry have become a mania with us. And this mania is in business, education, and religion. In all lines of business everything moves with a mad rush, and with the aim to get rich quick. Education is hurried through by "short cuts" and abbreviated

courses. Religious services are required to be brisk and sermons brief—there must be no time lost between the doxology and the benediction.

"We do things," is the great American motto. And we pride ourselves on doing things with a bang. We are almost continually in a commotion and stir. There is scarcely an hour when the bustle and rustle are stopped. Everything is organized, and from the meetings of one organization to another we hurry from morning till evening, and often far into the night. Between so many organizations and private business we are kept keyed up to the highest possible tension.

Marking a similar tendency to restlessness and feverish activity among the people of Israel, Isaiah said to them: "In returning and rest shall ye be saved; in quietness and in confidence shall be your strength." There is no word more needed in America to-day than this word of the ancient prophet. There is nothing we need more than we need to realize the value of quietness and calmness. Quietness and meditation are necessary to strong intellect, moral poise, and deep spirituality. If we fail to gain these qualities, all other gains are but wood, hay, and stubble.

The Need of Counsel

"Without counsel purposes are disappointed: but in the multitude of counsellors they are established."—Prov. 15:22.

WE FREQUENTLY hear it said that advice is cheap, but sometimes it proves to be of priceless value.

It is not safe for any of us to be too conceited as to our own wisdom and judgment. It is well that we should think for ourselves. A man will never get anywhere if he never thinks for himself. But many never get anywhere because through a false pride of independence they refuse to have anybody else think for them.

The framers of the Constitution provided for a cabinet to be advisers to the President of the nation. They recognized that it would be beyond the ability and wisdom of any man to conduct the affairs of the government without counsel. For the conduct of all business enterprises and institutions of every kind, similar provision is made for executive committees and boards of directors to advise their governing heads. No man is considered sufficient unto himself for carrying on such undertakings no matter how capable and wise he may be.

Greater than all other enterprises is the business of life. Here, as elsewhere, none of us is so all-knowing and all-wise that he does not need the counsel of others.

We hear a good deal of talk about "the revolt of modern youth," as if modern youth had declared its independence of the elder generation and all the counsel it might dare to offer. But if that is the meaning of the so-called "youth movement," may Heaven save youth.

For our safety and the success of our purposes in life and business, all of us, old and young alike, need the benefit of "a multitude of counselors."

The Notoriety Craze

"Then the devil taketh him up into the holy city, and setteth him on a pinnacle of the temple, and saith unto him, If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down: for it is written, He shall give his angels charge concerning thee: and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone."—Matt. 4: 5–6.

DO SOMETHING spectacular. Turn a stunt. Get yourself in the limelight. Get your name in the front page headlines. Make yourself notorious.

That was the substance of the temptation with which the devil sought to ensnare Jesus when he took Him up on a pinnacle of the temple and bade Him cast Himself down. It is a temptation by which all too many are being ensnared to-day.

This is the age of the spectacular, and there are too many who are trying to do something spectacular just to attract attention to themselves.

The craze to-day is for notoriety. This craze has become a sort of disease with us. And it seems to be an exceedingly contagious disease, for it is spreading rapidly. Already countless numbers have been smitten with it.

There are multitudes of people to-day who have no higher ambition than to get on the front pages of newspapers. Their ambition is not to achieve something worth while, but merely to achieve notoriety. Their one concern is to make themselves seem important, not to be important.

As a result of this attitude of mind we are witnessing a mad scramble for public notice. To get themselves before the public eye, people are resorting to

all sorts of stunts and schemes—anything that will attract popular attention and make them known, no matter how foolish, or hazardous, or useless.

In the meantime, those who are doing the real work of the world are not found among these notoriety seekers. The people who are doing really worthwhile things are not so much concerned about the public eye as they are about the public good.

The Fireside School

"And these words, which I command thee this day, shall be in thy heart: and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thy house."—Deut. 6: 6–7.

REFORM movements, no matter how strong and efficient they may be, can never reform the state or the nation until that reform begins at the fireside." So one of our most distinguished preachers recently said, in discussing America's needs and problems.

After all, the fireside school is the most important of all schools. In America we have spent many millions of dollars in building and endowing schools, colleges, and universities. We have a great system of Sunday schools for teaching the Bible and religion. And we have none too many of these institutions. But it is a mistake to think that these institutions can give the teaching and training which properly belong to the home fireside.

Plato was right when he said, "The most important part of education is right training in the nursery." And yet, it is this part of education that is being most sadly neglected in America. In our earlier days the

fireside school was a potential factor in the education of our children. Here, around the family fireside, the youth of the nation were taught the fundamentals of morals and religion. And here, too, they were assisted in the preparation of their day school and Sunday school lessons, which gave to the training they received outside of the home the sanctifying touch and influence of parental care. The modern tendency is to transfer to agencies outside of the home the whole responsibility for both the secular and religious education of our children and youth.

The great need in America to-day is a revival of the old-fashioned fireside school. It was a tremendous influence in building the nation. No matter how many other schools we have, they cannot take its place. Unless there is the right sort of teaching at its firesides, no agencies or reform movements can make the nation what it ought to be.

The Demon of Noonday

"Thou shalt not be afraid . . . for the destruction that wasteth at noonday."—Psalm 91: 5–6.

LE DEMON DE MIDI (The Demon of Noonday) is the title of a book by Paul Bourget, an eminent novelist and playwright of France. I do not know, but I think this title must have been suggested to him by the phrase from the Ninety-first Psalm—"the destruction that wasteth at noonday."

In his story M. Bourget tells of a man in the late forties who was attacked and cast down by the demon

of noonday. Life's noonday is the period of the forties. And this is the most perilous period of life, as M. Bourget's story is intended to show. How many have been swept off their feet by "the destruction that wasteth at noonday." We commonly regard youth as the essential period of moral peril; and, to be sure, youth is beset by many snares and dangers. And yet, the most disastrous collapses have been on the part of mature men and women.

The demon of noonday. His name is legion. Animalism! Materialism! Cynicism! Pessimism! How furiously these demons sometimes attack men and women in the midday of life. More are they to be feared for maturity with its dull routine, its tendency to get into ruts, its proneness to moods of lassitude, its self-confidence and scorn of danger, than for youth with its lofty ideals, its hope, its enthusiasm, and its trembling caution.

"Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed, lest he fall." Who is more apt to think that he standeth than the man in middle life? And thinking that he standeth, he takes no heed lest he fall. He has become too confident to be cautious. He has grown tired of being careful. His conscience has become less sensitive as to the minor moralities of life. And almost before he knows it the demon of noonday has him in his clutches.

But no man need allow this demon of noonday to destroy him. "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High . . . shall not be afraid . . . for the destruction that wasteth at noonday."

The Patmos Experience

"I John . . . was in the isle that is called Patmos."—Rev. 1:9.

PATMOS meant for John exile and lonely solitude. Doubtless that experience seemed to him a strange providence. It removed him from his active ministry, and that at a time when the cause so dear to him was in great need of his services. This must have been hard for him to understand. But we can understand it now. Through this experience God was preparing him for a greater service than ever he could have rendered hurrying from place to place on his mission of evangelism. It gave him an opportunity to be alone and meditate. Out of those quiet hours came the heavenly visions which he recorded in the book of Revelation, and which have guided and cheered the pilgrimage of countless thousands.

This Patmos experience has been repeated in the lives of many of God's people. Not in the same form, but in some form that separated them from their active life, enforcing upon them a season of rest and quiet. It is usually an unwelcomed experience, but it always proves a blessing, as all who have passed through it know.

Practical life absorbs most of our days. We spend most of our time thinking and planning and striving to meet the demands imposed upon us when God said, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." But now and then a mysterious stranger, clad in black, creeps up to our door, fastens a bit of crêpe on the doorknob, and bids us stay within for some days while

we bathe our eyes in tears of sorrow and wash out of them some of the dust of materialism, which has been accumulating until our vision is so blurred that we are unable to see beyond the life we live in this world. Most of us have passed through this experience. At first it seemed hard to us, and we could not understand it. But now we see its meaning. Our hearts have been enriched with love and sympathy. Through the clearing of our vision we see as we never saw before the spiritual beauty of life. We have become a greater blessing to others than we could ever have been but for this Patmos experience.

Other Patmos experiences we are likely to have. When they come let us not be rebellious. In time we will see their meaning in a greater enrichment of life and larger usefulness.

The Mount and the Valley

"It is good for us to be here."—Matt. 17:4.

THE place referred to was the Mount of Transfiguration. It was here that Peter, James, and John witnessed the transfiguration of Jesus and beheld His real glory.

Besides, there were visitants from heaven—Moses and Elijah. And Peter, James, and John were permitted to look upon these glorified saints.

No wonder Peter exclaimed, "It is good for us to be here." No wonder he wanted to build tabernacles and stay there.

But that mount of heavenly vision was not to be

their continuing dwelling place. Back to the valley they must go, to face again its trials and minister to its needs.

Every Christian knows what it is to have the mountain-top experience. What blessed moments are these in the Christian life! But it is not for us to build tabernacles here and be at ease. At the base of the mount lies the valley, summoning us back to toil and trial.

The valley means suffering and sorrow. But as we pass into the valley and amid its shadows, the soul within being illuminated with the glory of the mount, its radiant light is projected outward and objectified until our tears glisten like diamonds and every cloud that drapes the sky has a golden border.

The valley is where human need is found, and thither duty calls us. But as we return to the valley in response to the stern call of duty, we return with renewed hope and courage, inspired by the visions seen on the mount.

Only for a little while can we stay on the mount of heavenly vision and ecstasy, but we can carry its glory with us back to the valley.

The Lessons of the Stork

"The stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times."—Jer. 8:7.

IN THE peculiar characteristics of the stork are seen several important lessons.

One is a lesson of vital importance to parents. Storks are noted for their loving and watchful care

over their young. They feed upon lizards and insects, but it is singular that they will not eat toads; and they are very careful to teach their young not to eat them. They will lay toads down before their young and then toss them away disgustedly. Human parents should be equally careful of the moral interests of their offspring, and teach them to avoid whatever would be injurious or harmful to them.

There is also a lesson for children. The young stork always remembers and returns the warm affection of the parent. The young repay the love and care of their parents by attaching themselves to them through life, and especially caring for them in old age. In their migratory flights young and vigorous storks have been seen assisting their aged and feeble parents by supporting them on their backs. This characteristic so impressed the mind of the Hebrews that they embodied it in the name they gave to the stork, *chasidah,* which implies gratitude and filial love. What a fine thing it would be if all human children possessed this noble characteristic!

Storks are known for their usefulness to men. Destroying mice, vermin, and snakes, and taking up refuse which would otherwise breed disease, they are great protectors of human life, a fact which has made them always beloved and welcomed by the people of every clime they inhabit. And so another sermon the stork preaches to us is that of usefulness. If you would be beloved and welcomed in the world, make yourself useful.

The Peril of Undersleep

"Taketh not rest in the night. This is also vanity."—Ecc. 2:23.

SOLOMON is speaking of the man who goes at high tension all day long and then neglects to take sufficient rest and sleep at night. This, he says, is vanity.

We have been warned repeatedly of the dangers of overwork, overworry, and overindulgence of every sort, but there has been little said about the peril of undersleep. And yet there is no greater menace to health than the loss of sleep with the consequent wear and strain which it imposes upon the nerves and tissues of the body.

Undersleep is particularly a peril to young people. Young people who neglect to observe proper and regular sleeping hours are in danger of a physical breakdown. Undersleep brings on fatigue and weakness, and this makes them the easy victims of tuberculosis and other diseases.

Insufficient sleep results in harmful effects to the old as well as the young. But because of their steadier nerves and more seasoned tissues, middle-aged people can get along on less sleep than is required during the growing period of life. The young, therefore, should not be misled by the habits of their elders in this respect.

Night clubs, night parties, night shows, night dances, night drives, late hours—here is the pathway along which thousands of young people are to-day heading toward physical ruin. Glorying

in the strength of their youth, they presume that nothing can hurt them. Usually the ill effects develop gradually, and you cannot convince them of their folly until it is too late. But you can be sure that those who dance must pay the fiddler.

Unconscious Excellence

"Moses wist not that the skin of his face shone."—Ex. 34:29.

THERE are many people who entertain you every time you meet them with a recital of their own virtues, attainments, or achievements. They never lose a chance to proclaim their excellence and to tell of the brightness of their glory.

If they only realized it, these people defeat the very end they have in view by their self-praise. They make nobody think more of them by the fine things they say about themselves. The effect is just the reverse of that intended. It is universally true that whenever people begin to praise themselves, they hurt themselves with those to whom they speak.

Self-praise betrays self-conceit; and self-conceit dims the lustre of any excellence one may possess. We would better be content to have our excellence go unpraised than that our own lips should speak the praise. When we go about proclaiming our own virtues and worth, instead of being accepted at our own rating of ourselves, we are apt to be rated much below our true value.

"Moses wist not that his face shone." The most beautiful spirit is one that is unconscious of its own

beauty. The perfect flowering of goodness is unconsciousness of goodness. The consummate apex of greatness is unconsciousness of greatness. In the kingdom of the good and the great, the crowning graces are modesty and humility.

Egoism belittles a man. Self-praise is an expression of vulgar vanity. Self-consciousness with regard to one's qualities and accomplishments is always a mark of unwholesomeness. In relation to all the great virtues, the great attainments, and the great achievements to which men aspire, the supreme height of excellence is unconscious excellence.

What Is Your Price?

"Judas Iscariot went unto the chief priests, and said unto them, What will ye give me, and I will deliver him unto you? And they covenanted with him for thirty pieces of silver."—Matt. 26:14–15.

JUDAS, for thirty pieces of silver, sold his Master. The Bible has many similar stories. Our first parents, for the sake of a piece of fruit, sacrificed their paradise home. Esau, for the sake of a mess of pottage, gave up his birthright. Achan, for the sake of a Babylonish garment and a wedge of gold, forfeited his life. Samson, for the sake of a woman's caresses, lost his hair, his strength, his sight, his all. David, for the sake of Bathsheba, wrecked his home and kingdom. Ahab, for the sake of a pretty garden, committed murder.

It is easy for us, as we read these stories, to cry, "Fools!" And yet this very folly is being committed

every day. We do but repeat the stupid folly of these fools when we sacrifice our spiritual interests to the appetites of the flesh, or the future for the sake of the present.

Sold his Master. But in reality it was himself that Judas sold. And how cheaply—for thirty pieces of silver. It is amazing how cheaply men sell themselves out. Often for only a little momentary pleasure men sell their honour, their manhood, and their whole future. Often men sell their very souls for the merest trifle.

What will you take for yourself? Do you want to sell your honour and good name? Do you want to sell your manhood and self-respect? Do you want to sell your conscience and peace of mind? Do you want to sell your usefulness and happiness? Do you want to sell your prospects for the future? What is your price?

Why We Are Afflicted

"It is good for me that I have been afflicted."—Psalm 119:71.

WHATEVER else may be said of affliction, we know it serves a disciplinary purpose in our lives. "It is good for me that I have been afflicted," said the psalmist. It was good for him because it put iron in his blood and stability in his character.

Sometimes we go astray into wrong paths and can only be called back by some afflictions. David said: "Before I was afflicted I went astray, but now have I kept thy word." For some of us it requires a good deal of such discipline to establish us in the way of

right living and to keep us faithful to the vows we make to God.

Sometimes affliction serves to develop us and to enlarge our sphere of service and usefulness. To quote the psalmist again, "Thou hast enlarged me when I was in distress."

John Bright lost his beautiful wife when a young man. Years afterward he said, "Every day that I have gone up and down the earth I have felt the spell of her beautiful life." It was this affliction that caused him to throw himself into a great relief movement for the starving poor of England, as a result of which he became a national figure and leader in other movements for the betterment of his country.

Not always does affliction mean a punishment for some sin on the part of the afflicted one. It may mean that in some instances, but not always. Often it is intended to strengthen our faith and courage, to make us stronger in character and purpose. But whatever the occasion of it, it is in the providence of God designed to be for our good.

When Should a Man Retire?

"Lo, I am this day fourscore and five years old. As yet I am as strong this day as I was in the day that Moses sent me: as my strength was then, even so is my strength now, for war, both to go out, and to come in."—Josh. 14: 10–11.

IT IS an interesting incident we have here. A repetition of it to-day would make a front-page story in the newspapers.

It had been forty-five years since Moses sent Caleb

to spy out the land of Canaan. For his courage and distinctive service in that connection, Moses had promised him a special inheritance. Caleb was now eighty-five years of age. He might have claimed that inheritance, retired from further active service, and lived the remainder of his days in ease. Yet he says to Joshua, "I do not want that inheritance; assign me a portion of the land that will be difficult to possess; I am as ready for war now as I was forty-five years ago."

We hear men talk about retiring after they reach a certain age and have a competency sufficient to take care of them and their families. I would like to assemble these men and have Caleb speak to them. Here is what he would say:

"Gentlemen, it is foolish for you to think of retiring as long as you still possess your faculties and the strength to go on. You will neither find rest nor prolong your years. Besides, you may miss the chance of achieving something more worth while than you have hitherto. The best work of the world has been done by old men. My head is hoary with age, but my heart is still hungry for achievement. I am not looking for something easy to do. My hand is still eager for hard jobs. It is never time for a man to quit until his sun goes down."

When a Woman Sins

"A woman in the city, which was a sinner."—Luke 7:37.

SIN makes a black mark when it touches a man's character, but it makes a blacker mark still when it touches the character of a woman—for the same reason that an eclipse of the sun is more manifest than an eclipse of the moon.

Because of their bright background, the darkest spots in the universe are the black spots on the sun; and for the same reason the black spots of sin on a woman's character are the darkest spots in the moral universe.

When sin gets a woman in its clutches, the imprint of its slimy fingers can scarcely be wiped out. She becomes the victim of a social ostracism that never shows any mercy.

God does not place any heavier penalty upon the sinning woman than upon the sinning man, but society does. Society has a double standard of morals, one standard for woman and another for man. Unjust as this is, no woman can escape the injustice. In this regard society is cold and relentless, and will forever shun the fallen woman.

This is strikingly illustrated by Nathaniel Hawthorne in *The Scarlet Letter,* in which he tells of a young woman who was compelled to wear a scarlet letter embroidered on the breast of her garment as the symbol of her sin. There that letter stood out, glaring and conspicuous, publishing to all the world the guilt and shame of the wearer. It was a signal to

everybody she met that she was a bad character and was to be shunned by good people. And that is the way society always deals with a woman when she goes wrong. She is branded with a scarlet mark of shame and disgrace and shut out from all polite society.

Where Others Have Won

"There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man."—1 Cor. 10:13.

AND this is true not only of temptation, but of all trials. None of us ever has any sort of trials, struggles, or hardships but such as are common to man. Whatever may be the difficulties we face, the same difficulties have been faced by others. However hard our lot, it is not exceptional; others have been placed in the same sort of hard lot.

Some of those Corinthians to whom Paul was writing thought that their temptations were extraordinary, and that, therefore, they would be excusable if they yielded. "No," Paul writes, "your temptations are not unusual; they are such as are common to mankind everywhere; others have experienced the same temptations and did not yield to them; there is no excuse for you to yield; what others have overcome you can overcome."

Here is a man trying to make his way through a dense forest. He is having difficulty in finding his way. It seems to him as though he will never be able to get through. Then he discovers a trail. And at once he takes fresh courage. "Other men have passed this

way before," he says, "and what men have done, men can do again." Thus would Paul have the Corinthians reason with regard to their temptations.

The same reasoning holds all along the line. It may be a hard path that you and I have to travel. Sometimes it may seem that we can never make it. But the same path has been trodden by other feet. If others have gone this way, we can. All our battles are such as have been fought and won before. And we can win where others have won.

Where Rest Is Found

"Oh that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away, and be at rest. Lo, then would I wander far off, and remain in the wilderness."—Psalm 55: 6–7.

DAVID had been having a lot of trouble. His enemies had been making things warm for him. This added greatly to his burdens, which were already heavy enough. He felt pained and oppressed under his load. It was with this feeling that he uttered the cry recorded in the text.

"I wish I could leave all this tangle, this perplexity about money, this need for struggle," a tired and much harassed business man was saying a while ago. It was a feeling akin to this that possessed David. It is a feeling I suppose most of us have experienced at one time or another. There are times when we wish that we could get away from our cares and troubles and be at rest.

Yet this is a wrong feeling. We can find rest only in the place of duty, never by fleeing from it. An old

writer said about this wish of the psalmist: "David should have been praying for the strength of an ox to bear his trouble, not for the wings of a dove to flee away from it."

The necessity for courage, for action, for work, for struggle, is something from which none of us can escape. That is, if we would play our part in the world. The only manly thing is to face it. Even if we could flee to the wilderness, we would not find rest there. We must stick to our post, and play the part of a man. In no other way can we find real satisfaction and peace.

Will Science Destroy Religion?

"O Timothy, keep that which is committed to thy trust, avoiding . . . oppositions of science falsely so called."—1 Tim. 6:20.

SCIENCE falsely so called." Not true science. From true science religion receives no opposition, and has nothing to fear.

Some so-called scientists, puffed up with vanity, have asserted that science would eventually do away with religion. But no sane scientist would make such an assertion. Sane scientists never oppose religion, and do not wish to be known as thinking that religion will pass.

Science has destroyed some religious vagaries and fallacies. As another writes: "It has destroyed various errors, overwhelmed false credulity, slain ignoble fear, broken the power of omens, charms, and signs, and has limited the regions in which religious charlatans and impostors are able successfully to ply their

trade." But true science has never sought to destroy true religion.

William E. Ritter, a scientist eminent in the field of biology, declared that he could not run the risk of supposing or being charged with supposing that science might supplant religion. Said he: "Religion is the common magma of all emotional life, as science is of all rational life. Religion is the individual's one great reservoir of spiritual energy, and as such must be freely available for each and every one of his powers of action." "It is impossible for a man to live a normal life apart from religious hope and aspirations," writes Edwin Grant Conklin, another eminent biologist.

Who that is intelligent and thoughtful can refer religion to ignorance, to mere superstition and tradition, and imagine that it will pass away as science advances? What is more of a reality than religion? And where is there any reality more completely verified by the logic of life? If there be any abiding reality, surely religion will abide.

With Only Your Crumbs

"And there was a certain beggar named Lazarus, which was laid at his gate, full of sores, and desiring to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table."—Luke 16: 20–21.

NOT necessarily a literal beggar. Not necessarily the poor fellow who comes to your door begging bread. Of course, you would not refuse a little bread and coffee to such a beggar. The beggar in this

parable is any man in need, any man who has suffered misfortune and requires assistance.

And mark this: "A certain beggar, which was laid at his gate." You can't feed all the beggars in the world. You can't help everybody who gets into trouble. There are general charity and benevolent funds to which you may contribute, and should contribute. But the beggar here is particularly the unfortunate man whom providence has placed at your gate. Circumstances have connected you with him in some way and made his case a special charge upon you. You can't refer his case to somebody else. It is your gate before which he lies.

And what does this unfortunate one at your gate require of you? Not much. Only the crumbs that fall from your table. "Crumbs." What you have left over. What you waste. What you "blow in" through wasteful extravagance. What you spend foolishly in one evening. What you could give and never miss. Not that you can satisfy all your benevolent obligations with these mere crumbs. There are interests which have a claim upon the more bountiful abundance spread upon your table, causes to which you should give to the point of real sacrifice. But this man at your gate—he needs only a little lift. What you could do, and never feel it, would get him out of his trouble. If only you had the disposition to do it, you could relieve his distress—with only your crumbs.

When Morning Comes

"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." —Psalm 30: 5.

WHEN morning comes. And morning will come. There never was a night that was not followed by morning.

It may be night for you now—a night of some sore trial or sorrow. But never mind. Morning is coming. Sunset means sunrise.

"Weeping may endure for a night." We all have our nights of weeping. There are nights that are full of sorrow and tears. There are nights of worry and anxiety. There are nights of disappointed hopes and ambition. Most of us know what this means. What disappointments, what heartaches, what weeping, the night has meant for some of us!

But what of the morning? Yes, we know what that means, too. We know what it means to endure weeping for a night, and we know, too, the joy that "cometh in the morning."

When morning comes. That means deliverance. That means new hope. That means new confidence and courage. That means a new day—the brighter passage in Isaiah: "Watchman, what of the night? encouraged us to look forward. When morning comes. That means the reward of faith—God's answer to the heart that trusted in the dark.

But the coming of morning does not mean that another night will not come. You will recall that passage in Isaiah: "Watchman, what of the night?

Watchman, what of the night? The watchman said, The morning cometh, and also the night." Morning —and another night. Sunrise and sunset, sunset and sunrise. Morning and night, night and morning. So runs our life on earth.

Will there be no end to this? Thank God, yes. There is coming a great morning when night shall be no more. Then the weeping we have endured for a night will be forgotten in the joy that shall be ours in that eternal morning.

DATE DUE

OCT 20 1964
OCT 20 '69
MAR 25 1974
NOV 14 1979
FEB 15 1980
DEC 18 1985
DEC 4 1986

252
G976 Gunn, John R
One hundred more three-
minute sermons.

47372